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# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, APRIL 22, 1893.

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SPRING is coming! Spring is coming!  
Birds are chirping, insects humming,  
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping,  
Streams escaped from winter's keeping,

In delighted freedom rushing,  
Dance along in music gushing;  
Scenes of late in deadness sadden'd  
Smile in animation gladden'd;

All is beauty, all is mirth,  
All is glory upon earth.  
Shout we then with Nature's voice—  
Welcome Spring! rejoice! rejoice!

Apr. 22/1893

## ONCE A WEEK

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The best cholera cure is prevention, by means of personal, home, and municipal cleanliness.

RICHMOND on the James saw a convention of Southern State Governors last week to devise ways and means to attract wealth and immigration to the South. After thirty-two years.

WHEN English banks fail, something is heard to drop. The "English, Scottish and Australian Bank" has just closed, with liabilities at forty million dollars. It was chartered in 1832.

BARON FAVA, the Italian Minister, encountered Mrs. Cleveland the other day on the portico of the White House, and made a courtly bow to her, raising her hand to his lips and kissing it in true knightly fashion. Old times come again.

MOLLIENDO is the Peruvian backwoods where the Peruvian mob attacked our consular agency. The Peruvian Government has made amends by sending regrets to us and his walking papers to the sub-prefect of the Molliendo department. We are mollified.

THE United States has gained the first point of contention in the Behring Sea arbitration, namely, that the British supplementary report shall not be admitted in evidence. The main point is, that this country had and has the right to protect seal life from Canadian poachers.

THE Tennessee Legislature has passed a bill preparatory to the building of a new penitentiary and the abolition of the leasing of convicts. The taste of civil war at Coal Creek last Summer was a dear warning, and that new penitentiary should be built without delay.

EVEN the followers of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young had to surrender to the civilizing and elevating influence of American public opinion. The completion of the great Mormon temple dedicated at Salt Lake City last week found a Mormonism from which polygamy had been eliminated. Our Federal courts did it. Make a note of it.

ARIZONA is a chip off the old block. She wants a part of Mexico for a harbor on the Gulf of California, and the Legislature has revolutionized the President to ask Mexico to "readjust" our boundary down there so as to give the pent-up territory a sniff of the salt air of the great south sea. Arizona is fit for Statehood. She must have that harbor.

ENGLISH newspaper men, while seeing the sights in Upper Broadway, New York, expressed their surprise, at first, that we have so few hotels that would compare in magnificence with the "Metropole" and "Savoy" of London; but when they saw the Astors' "Waldorf" their surprise turned in favor of New York. This country did not raise three generations of Astors for nothing.

THE life-saving crew at Hog Island, Va., have received nine medals from the Spanish Government for their heroic work in saving twenty-five lives out of twenty-six, when the Spanish steamer *San Albano* was wrecked, Feb. 21, 1892. Accompanying each medal is a diploma telling the story of the rescue. The diplomas are in Spanish, and will be treasured by the crew with a pardonable pride, as souvenirs of a heroism that no words can do justice to—the saving of human life at the risk of one's own, in the teeth of the hungry, merciless waves.

CLEVELAND has just elected a mayor, in the Hon. Robert Blee, of whom any city may justly feel proud. The new chief magistrate is deservedly popular among the plain people, and is a live, energetic representative of that class of public men in whom a broad, distinctive Americanism is the prominent characteristic. The Buckeye State began its career in and near the banks of the Ohio. Cincinnati took the lead in the State as a great commercial center from its position in the Ohio and Mississippi River trade with the Southern States, and is still holding its own in that capacity. The new order of things shows us Cleveland, in the extreme northeast corner of the State, contesting the supremacy of the lower lakes with Detroit and Buffalo. Hon. Robert Blee is a prominent factor in the new order of things, and is certainly the right man in the right place and at the right time.

## JUDGE SPEER'S LOGIC.

THE dispute between the Central Railroad of Georgia and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has been judicially settled. Judge SPEER has directed the receiver of that corporation to fix a schedule of rates with the engineers, as the Brotherhood demanded in their petition to the court. This contract, however, will not be restricted to members of the Brotherhood, and membership of that order is, and will be, no disqualification to service on railroads under the control of Judge SPEER's court—but the rules and regulations of the Brotherhood must be subordinated to the law of the land.

This decision is significant. It points to the contract as the only solution of all labor troubles. The interposition of the court, however, in directing that a contract be entered into, in the Georgia Central case, is a novel procedure. This railroad property is in the hands of a receiver and under the protection of the court, and Judge SPEER has taken advantage of his position to establish a precedent. The court argues as follows: "The power of the court has always, on proper occasions, been exercised to protect the properties under its control from the damaging and unlawful results of a strike of the laborers in its employ. Certainly, it follows, then, that it is in the power of the court, in the interest of public order and for the protection of the property under its control, to direct a suitable arrangement with its employes or officers, to provide compensation and conditions of their employment, and to avoid, if possible, an interruption of their labor and duty, which would be disastrous to the trust and injurious to the public."

The abolition of strikes, lockouts and boycotts is in sight. The American judiciary seems destined to cut the Gordian knot of the industrial problem. Let us admit, in theory, that the contract—a written contract, in all important transactions—is the best protection against injustice and oppression, whether by corporation or labor union or individual. No one who believes in modern civilization can deny that proposition.

But the contract scheme must be practicable. It must have equality between the contracting parties. Capital risks its savings and accumulations of money; labor organizations must also be responsible, and must risk their savings and accumulations of money, on the pledge that their part of the contract will be executed faithfully, reasonably, and in a strictly business way. Labor organizations will be competent to sign equal and equable contracts with capital when they become joint-stock organizations, and not until then. Thousands of valuable contracts in the United States are awaiting such action on the part of organized labor. Such action can not safely be delayed any longer.

## ABOUT CHICAGO SOCIETY.

MR. WARD McALLISTER has much to say, from time to time, about "good form." We hope it is unnecessary to tell, specifically, who and what Mr. McALLISTER is; for if it were necessary it would take up too much valuable space. Suffice it to say, he is supposed to be the dictator, conservator, lecturer, selector, point-giver, text-writer of authority, and general all-round expert-in-chief to the New York social organization known as the "Four Hundred." For the purposes of this article he will represent New York society. There can be no doubt he is at home in New York social circles of the narrowest diameters.

But when he took up the subject of Chicago society in a New York Sunday paper he succeeded, as he no doubt intended, in stirring up a good deal of talk about WARD McALLISTER in both cities. And this brings back the subject of "good form." Why should New York society and Chicago society be compared at all? A person of real refinement does not find pleasure in making invidious social comparisons. Mr. McALLISTER decides that Chicago society is behind New York society, but may have a chance to learn something during the World's Fair. Is he a person of real refinement?

The New York social maestro and caterer offers the Chicago millionaires advice as to choosing chefs and icing champagnes. Is it a person of real refinement, or a "cawse" person, who offers gratuitous advice to millionaires and others about their own business?

What about this? "A number of our young men are already beginning to make investigations as to the wealth and beauty of the Chicago women," says the all-saying McALLISTER, on behalf of New York young men. Was ever anything said more unutterably vulgar?

These and other brainless and tasteless utterances of Gotham's McALLISTER are made subject for no little humor in the World's Fair city, besides causing much indignation there. We in New York have something to say, also, about the presumption of this utterly irresponsible talker. He does not represent enlightened New York on this subject. The bad taste and vulgarity of this latest *ipse dixit* of his are peculiarly his own. He is the only McALLISTER in this line. The "Four Hundred" are not involved. The rest of us are more disgusted than amused. Chicago people and the people from other "Western" cities will find neither Eastern millionaires nor Eastern common

people at the Fair who have any such silly notions as WARD McALLISTER indirectly attributes to them. Whatever may be the differences between New York social functions and those of the rest of the country, it is certain that McAllisterism is not typical of the former. The maestro has been airing himself, that is all.

## CHICAGO'S OPPORTUNITY.

THE World's Fair is a national undertaking, and the people of the whole country have contributed liberally to make it a success, while the individual States, with few exceptions, have been liberal in their appropriations for their respective exhibits. Chicago's first opportunity came when that city was chosen as the site of the Exhibition, and the opportunity has been used to such purpose that Chicago is now a dangerous rival to the metropolis, in point of population and the other essentials of a great city. There is no feeling anywhere but a pardonable national pride at this result, as a result.

But another opportunity presents itself. Chicago may at this time prove to the people of this country, if she will, that her people are above taking an unseemly advantage of their unique position in reference to visitors. It is average human nature, of course, to turn golden opportunities into that metal or its equivalent. But there is such a thing as making a great deal of money by reasonable charges, small profits, and an increased number of visitors, who will stay longer there, and like the place better, and carry away pleasant memories, if their money holds out as long as their tickets and their enthusiasm. Chicago's present golden opportunity is to sit down heavily upon the transients—for they cannot be true Chicagoans—who would practice any but mild extortion upon us poor travelers from everywhere, not knowing that we will ever get back.

## LET US TALK SENSE.

THE strike on the World's Fair buildings, April 10th, lasted overnight. Another strike in the Atchison Railroad shops at Topeka on the same date was a half-hearted affair, and did not promise much excitement. This is a good year for workmen to lay their grievances before their own public servants, in the executive, legislative and judicial departments of the government. There is more money in such a course and less idleness and demoralization than in the strike; and judges, lawmakers and executive will soon find a remedy within the law for workmen's grievances, if they once become accustomed to feeling the great pulse of the world of labor, whose heart is always in the right place.

The strike is no good, boys, either for yourselves or for the country whose bone and sinew you are. Get together, and thus acquire a standing in legislative halls for your rights as men, before the executive for your rights as citizens, and before the courts of law and equity for your rights under a specific contract with your employers. This is common-sense; it is business; it will win.

## AN URGENT QUESTION.

THE Interstate Commerce Law seems to have outlived its usefulness. According to CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW and other railroad men who ought to know, it is violated every day. A committee will probably be appointed at the present extra session of the Senate to visit railroad centers and gather information on the subject, and to investigate the relations between railroads and their employes. One very important point embodied in the Senate resolution providing for the investigation is the transportation of freight through Canada in bond, from one State to another, by railroads which are not amenable to the long-haul and short-haul clauses of the present law.

The information sought is urgently needed at present. It should be gathered at once. It is doubtful whether the country can wait until the extra session of Congress in September to have these things set aright. Or is the country to depend upon judge-made law through the World's Fair year, and then patch up what should have been completed and adjusted when the imperfections were discovered? It would seem that President CLEVELAND is confronted by a very urgent condition right now.

AN attempt will be made at the meeting of the Board of Directors in Cincinnati, May 10, to place a fifty million dollar mortgage, to run one hundred years, in the interest of the Big Four Railroad, which is about to do some phenomenal reaching out in the Central States, especially in the three States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. The "Big Four" cities reached by this line are, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis. Such a gigantic scheme, proposed by a level-headed railroad man like President M. E. Ingalls, tells more of the growth and development of the Central States than pages of statistics. Much of this money will be needed to secure double tracks, and new connections and extensions, that the growth of population, manufactures and commerce in that section demands. Some of it will be used in acquiring additional terminal facilities in the "Big Four" cities, and also in the many smaller but growing towns included in the sys-



tem. It will be in order for these latter towns to make such arrangements for rapid transit and protection of street crossings, now, that this great railroad will not be inconvenienced, nor take such privileges within the city limits as to lay the foundation for future complications. A good beginning will make pleasant and profitable dealings in the future.

We are in the reign of the judiciary. The courts of this country during the past thirty days have made history. The great labor problem is about to be solved. The whole world will soon look on and exclaim, There is a just republic! The people can bring about this consummation if they will. Labor organizations, that have done so much to elevate the toiler, have a chance now to lift the American Union to a higher plane than it occupied when it struck the shackles from the limbs of the slave. Will they embrace the chance? It may be their last! This tide must be taken at the flood.

THE New York Assembly favored life imprisonment as a substitute for the death penalty for murder, by a vote of 73 to 30. The bill was defeated in the Senate by a vote of 24 to 8. During the argument in the Senate, Senator O'Connor said: "We ought to kill the bill in order to show the people that the Senate of this State believes Harris to be guilty." The bill should never have been introduced pending the Harris appeal to executive clemency, but really Senator O'Connor's reference to the Harris case is far from being an argument, either way, on such a momentous question as the expediency of the State's deliberately putting a human being to death.

THE silver men and the anti-silver men have got the discussion down to a point at last. Let every silver dollar be of equal intrinsic value with every gold dollar, they agree. Let us determine the value of the silver in a silver dollar; but how? The "gold men" answer, By the present market price of silver; and your silver dollar is worth about sixty-four cents. The silver men protest that the value should be determined by the market price of silver before it was demonetized in 1873. Take your choice, gentlemen; but in the meantime take good care of your silver dollars and do not ship all your gold to Europe. Ten chances to one the silver dollar is not disturbed in the least by the discussion.

IS THERE any reason in this? An independent voter was rallied by a friend because every candidate he voted for was defeated. He replied that he always gave his vote to the man and the cause that needed it most. Perhaps an increasing number of voters, from year to year, will cast such "under-dog" sympathetic votes in favor of a cause which will not down or be lost, because it has the elements of vitality within itself. If there is anything in this theory, it explains the so-called "death" of popular prejudices and the progress of fundamental reforms from small and constantly defeated beginnings to ultimate triumph, without ringing in such phenomena as the waking of public conscience, the ripening influence of time, and all that sort of improbable thing. Perhaps the human heart does more reforming in this world, after all, than the human head. One thing, at least, is certain: there is more heart than head in popular suffrage. The practical politician will admit it is his experience.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR NOYES has undertaken the task of breaking up the customs ring on the Pacific Coast that has been working harmoniously with Puget Sound smugglers for the past four years in the unlawful importation of Chinese and opium. The alleged ring is composed of Collector Wassen of Port Townsend, Collector Laten of Portland, and United States District-Attorney Mays. Noyes has recommended the discharge and indictment of these officials, and also the indictment of Blum and Dunbar, who chartered the smuggling steamer *Haytien Republic*. The vessel got one hundred and ten dollars a head for smuggling in Chinamen, forty dollars of which went to the ring, it is claimed. It is not likely that smuggling on the Coast can be wholly or even largely prevented when it is a question of opium and Chinese—two of the most slippery articles in the schedule; but, as the Chinese and the opium have come in, it will be some satisfaction if the Government can compel the ring and the smugglers to disgorge, by imposing the heaviest fines for each case proven against them. There is a shrewd and desperate army of smugglers on the Slope, and it is hoped that Inspector Noyes will have sufficient means at his disposal to succeed in capturing some of the leaders. If we must have smugglers of Chinese and opium on the Slope, the Government should not trifle with the business of taking care of them.

#### ASTOR'S LATEST PURCHASE.

CLIVEDEN, the magnificent property of the Duke of Westminster, just purchased by W. W. Astor, is on the banks of the Thames, in the county of Buckingham. On dit that Mr. Astor is preparing to leave us forever and settle in old England, the Society of which he prefers to that of his own country.

#### GEORGE I. SENEY.

A GOOD man and useful citizen is lost to New York by the death of George I. Seney, which sad event occurred at the Grand Hotel, Brooklyn, on the evening of April 7. As a banker and financier Mr. Seney was well known in business circles, but his greater reputation lives after him in the numerous charitable institutions which have benefited by his liberality. He is said to have given away as much as two million dollars, besides several valuable paintings presented to the Metropolitan Museum. His name will be perpetuated in the Seney Hospital, Brooklyn, of which he was the founder.

## SALTUSIAN CRUSTS

IN the Upper Crust the poignant preoccupation of the hour concerns the aromas of Piccadilly and the Rue de la Paix. Shall we go, or shall we stay? Either course has manifest advantages, but to go does not necessarily predicate a return. The specter of that awful quarantine looms with warning digit. That among the princes and potentates to visit us King Cholera will come as well is now tolerably beyond doubt. The question, therefore, of a trip abroad is in consequence fraught with certain perils. Of cholera itself, to the rich and to the non-alcoholic there is about as much danger as there is of a railway accident. Railway accidents occur, and cholera is certainly deadly; but because of the accidents there are supposedly few who on that account decline to travel, and were it not for the horrors of last year's quarantine cholera would no more intimidate than does the possibility of seasickness.

#### THE GALLANT AT SEA.

No, nor as much. For cholera, if deadly, is brief, and the agony of seasickness is long drawn out. Apropos to which a quaint little tale is current. A short time ago a gentleman and his wife, both very well known and both very charming, were crossing the Channel. They had crossed time and again before, but on each occasion the wife was terribly ill, and remained, during the entire passage, in one of the little staterooms on deck. The husband, on the contrary, enjoyed everything—the blue of the waters, the blue of the sky, the breath of the breeze—and passed his time in agreeable promenades. On this particular occasion, while his wife was suffering as usual in the little deck cabin, and despairing of any surcease or cure, the husband remarked two ladies who vaguely resembled each other and to whom unconsciously he felt drawn. As chance would have it, one of the two ladies expressed in his hearing a desire for lemons, and no steward being within call, the gentleman went himself in search of them—a little act of courtesy which made conversation permissible. On the lap of the lady to whom the lemons were brought was a little bag stamped with ensign armorial, from which now and again she would take a bottle of salts and either sniff at it or offer it to her companion. Once the bag slipped from her. The gentleman picked it up. And once she seemed uncomfortably seated. The gentleman got her another chair. All the while there was a pleasant little interchange of small talk, punctuated by the efforts of the gentleman to make himself useful to the lady with the bag. At last Calais was visible; the end of the voyage was near, and the elder lady rose from her seat and smiled:

"I must thank you, sir," she said, "for your great kindness to my maidservant."

At the door of the little cabin the wife appeared and beckoned.

"That just served you right," she muttered.

She was cured!

#### THE ETIQUETTE OF SMOKE.

Another preoccupation concerns itself with a point in what the Western press calls etiquette. Is it, or is it not, permissible for a man to smoke when driving with a lady? To which the logical answer would be, it is permissible providing the lady smokes too. In Cuba, for instance, and doubtless in all of the countries of Latin America you will see many ladies of color smoking huge cigars. But ladies of color are not generally regarded as arbiters of taste. It may then be safe to say that if you are on a country road and your companion does not in the least object, a few whiffs of an Egyptian cigarette will not scandalize the telegraph poles; but that elsewhere it is not in accordance with what we have agreed to denominate as Good Form. Apropos to which there is a little story that has a point and a moral too. A gentleman traveling in France found himself in the same compartment with a lady. He wanted to smoke, and as on French railways there is no objection to smoking, unless the objection come from other occupants of the same carriage, he raised his hat, and in the civillest way asked the lady did she mind the smell of tobacco.

"I do not know, sir," she answered. "No one has ever smoked in my presence."

The reply was so good, so princessly, as one might say, that it was promptly spread abroad. In the process of spreading it reached the ears of a young ballet-dancer who was so well pleased with it that she determined, the first time chance should be with her, to put on a few airs herself. But notoriously ballet-dancers are stupid. However, an occasion presently occurred—a gentleman very civilly inquired did she mind if he smoked.

"I do not know, sir," she answered haughtily. "No one has ever asked me before."

#### SIMPLICITY AND GOOD TASTE.

Still another preoccupation is one concerning wedding invitations. Shall they be unadorned, or shall they be ornate? In England—and our Upper Crust models itself very closely after the dictates of English fashion—the fad of the moment is to have them engraved with lettering of silver or of gold. This is very well for the engraver, whose receipts are thereby increased, but otherwise the advantage is obscure. Besides, it is not in accordance with the canons of good taste. And the canons of good taste may be summed up as being at variance with anything to which the word simplicity cannot be attached. A king's revel may have the same unostentatiousness as a romp in the nursery. The Czar of all the Russias may wear the closed and imperial crown of state with as little arrogance as you wear your new spring hat. But anything which savors of affectation, however magnificent that affectation may be, is not in accordance with these canons. When that numbered Louis of France said, in

reference to a stage curtain which rose fully a minute after he was seated, "I have almost been obliged to wait," the speech was royal, but it was not well-bred. Recently, at the last opening of Parliament, the queen sat waiting in the great vestibule of Buckingham Palace. The Mistress of the Robes, whose duty it was to accompany her, had not appeared. Five minutes went; ten; a quarter of an hour passed, and still no Mistress of the Robes. The queen sat bolt upright, grim as a recorder, and never a word spake she. At last there was a rumble of wheels, the clatter of hoofs, and the Mistress of the Robes, white beneath her rouge, her ostrich feathers awry, her tongue trembling with an excuse, swam into the presence. "Dear duchess," said the queen, "I am sure your watch must be out of order; let me give you mine." And the little speech, together with the gift, was so graciously, yet so simply made, that the lords who stood near by saw not only a queen but a lady; terms, parenthetically, which are not necessarily synonymous.

The foregoing considerations may not be entirely pertinent, but at least they serve to show that simplicity and good taste are inseparably connected, and that illuminated invitations may properly be left with coronets, titles, and other falbalas to England and the effete.

In literature during the past week there are no momentous events to record. From Paris, merely, a rumor has come that a magnificent and limited edition of "Salammbô" is in press. "Salammbô" can hardly be regarded as a novel; it is more like an opera in prose. The scenes change with a prodigious splendor, with a brilliancy and color that have never been surpassed. There are phrases and sentences that are sonorous as the music of organs; there are others that convey the undulating tones of a violin, the trills of a flute. And the characters, heroes and heroines every one, seem, in their loud brave talk, to belong to some great theater of the past. In spite of this, or perhaps precisely on that account, this work, which is one of the most beautiful in the world, has never enjoyed the honors of popularity. Students like it, scholars adore it; but to the masses it is a closed book—it is too artistic, and art and fiction have never yet made an applauded team. There is an English translation from which the story may be had, but nothing else. The charm and savor of the original, the exquisite harmony of the words are gone; and as Flaubert was the novelist of all others who the least relied on the plot, and the one who relied the most on perfection of diction and form, it is easy to understand how much is lost in translation.

In the theatrical line the best thing going is the "Poet and the Puppets," recently produced at the Garden Theatre. It is, as all the world is aware, a parody on Oscar Wilde's play—"Lady Windermere's Fan." The parody is very good, and the action rollicking and laughable; but the chief interest centers on the portraiture of the author. To a number of very sensible people Oscar Wilde is a poseur and a humbug, and it is as such that he is represented in this farce. But Mr. Wilde is nothing of the sort. He is a poet and a paradoxist, and though he may be disliked on that account, yet, as Gautier—with a charming affectation of innocence—once said, an inability to be poetic and witty can hardly be held to constitute a special talent. And Mr. Wilde is very witty. He is the best conversationalist in England. Theodore Hook, Sydney Smith, Douglas Jerrold rolled into one could never be as startlingly brilliant as he. It is asserted that these flashes are not all his own, and perhaps some of them may not be. But there are jests over which Alexander of Macedon laughed and which seem quite fresh to-day. The world, though still young, is still so old that it is impossible for any one to declare an idea to be absolutely original. He may think so, indeed, and firmly believe it; but if he wait long enough there will be always some one to undeceive him. Then, too, people nowadays have so little difficulty in finding new ways of being dull that we should not be ungrateful to any one who discovers an old way of being witty.

EDGAR SALTUS.

#### A CHURCH DIGNITARY GONE.

THE Right Rev. William Ingraham Kip, the first Protestant Episcopal bishop of California, died in San Francisco on April 7. He was a native of New York and a descendant of an ancient family, an ancestor of his, Rufus de Kip, having fought on the side of the Guisnes and the Catholic party in the religious wars of the sixteenth century. The ground now occupied by the City Hall Park was once the property of the De Kip family. Bishop Kip was ordained in 1835, and was successively appointed rector of St. Peter's, Morristown, N. J.; assistant rector of Grace Church, New York, and rector of St. Paul's, Albany. In 1853 he was consecrated missionary bishop of the Pacific Coast, and shortly after was elected bishop of the diocese of California. He was the author of several religious books.



THE LATE BISHOP KIP.

#### A CHICAGO GIRL'S PLUCK.

MISS BESS MITCHELL has just accomplished an elegant feat. She has traveled ten thousand miles by rail from Chicago to Portland, Ore., thence to San Francisco and El Paso, Texas, to the city of Mexico, to the top of the hill of Chapultepec, return to Laredo, Texas, thence to St. Louis, New York and Boston, and back to Chicago, without experiencing any inconvenience or fatigue. This remarkable journey was undertaken as the result of a ten-thousand-dollar wager between some Chicago railroad men, who were at variance concerning the respective merits of English and American passenger railroad service. That a young and pretty girl of twenty-two should have succeeded in covering so much ground without encountering any undue annoyance or inconvenience speaks volumes for the perfection of the American railway system.



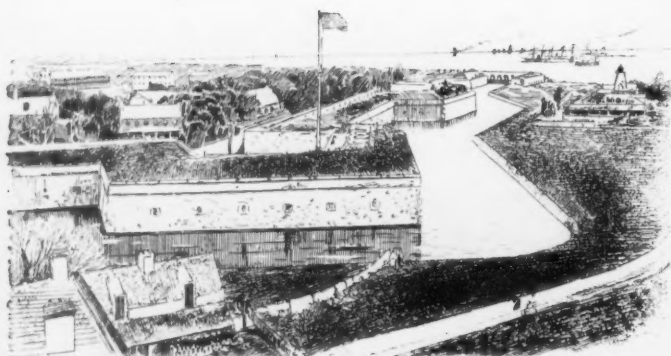
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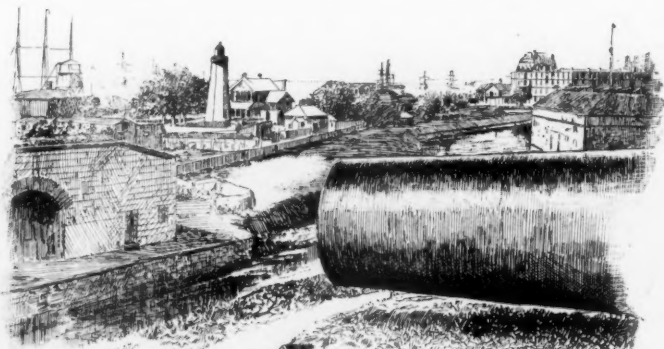
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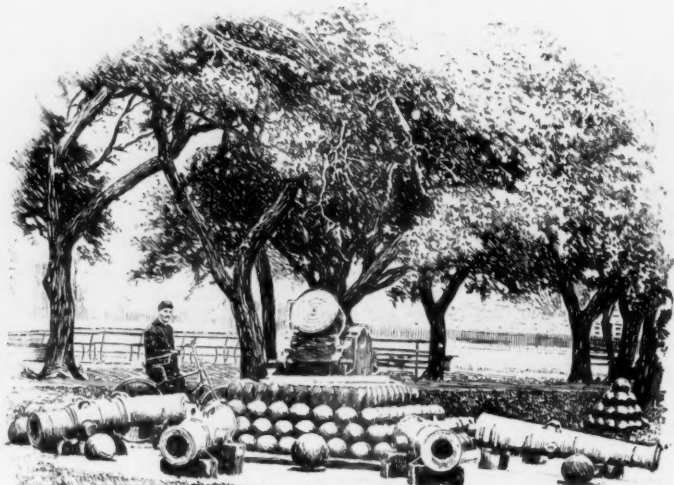
FORT MONROE. FROM THE NORTH.



VIEW OF LIGHTHOUSE AND HAMPTON ROADS FROM RAMPARTS.



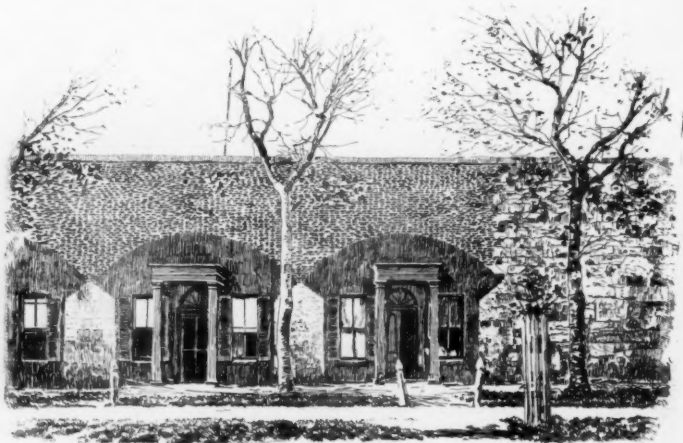
COMMANDING OFFICERS' QUARTERS.



REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.



CHURCH ERECTED IN 1858.



CASEMATE. WHERE JEFFERSON DAVIS WAS CONFINED.

VIEWS OF HAMPTON ROADS, WHERE THE NAVAL REVIEW IS TO BE; AND OF POINTS OF INTEREST ABOUT FORTRESS MONROE.



APRIL 22, 1933.]

ONCE A WEEK.

5

## TACTICAL DRILL OF OUR NAVY.



THE RUSSIAN CRUISER "GENERAL ADMIRAL."

NOT since Admiral Walker took his squadron of graceful white cruisers from the anchorage off West Twenty-third Street, North River, around the Battery, and through the Sound to Bar Harbor, Bath, and other ports along the Eastern coast, has there been so fine a display of vessels as was seen when the *Chicago*, *Baltimore*, *Charleston*, *Yorktown*, *San Francisco*, *Detroit*, *Atlanta*, and *Vesuvius* returned under command of the above-mentioned officer from tactical drill off Cape Henry at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay. In this drill there were more of the larger and faster ships than were found in the squadron that cruised along the coast, and the purpose for which they went out was for tactical exercises, and consequently there was far more maneuvering.

An illness, resulting from the prevailing influenza and the necessity for arranging the details in connection with the approaching assembling of foreign vessels, prevented Admiral Gherardi, the commander-in-chief of the combined squadrons, from going out with his flagship, the

guard against accident. Unfortunately, the view does not show the whole of the majestic hull of the *Chicago*, as the picture was taken from her after bridge, which is the sta-



SKETCH FROM AFTER BRIDGE OF CHICAGO

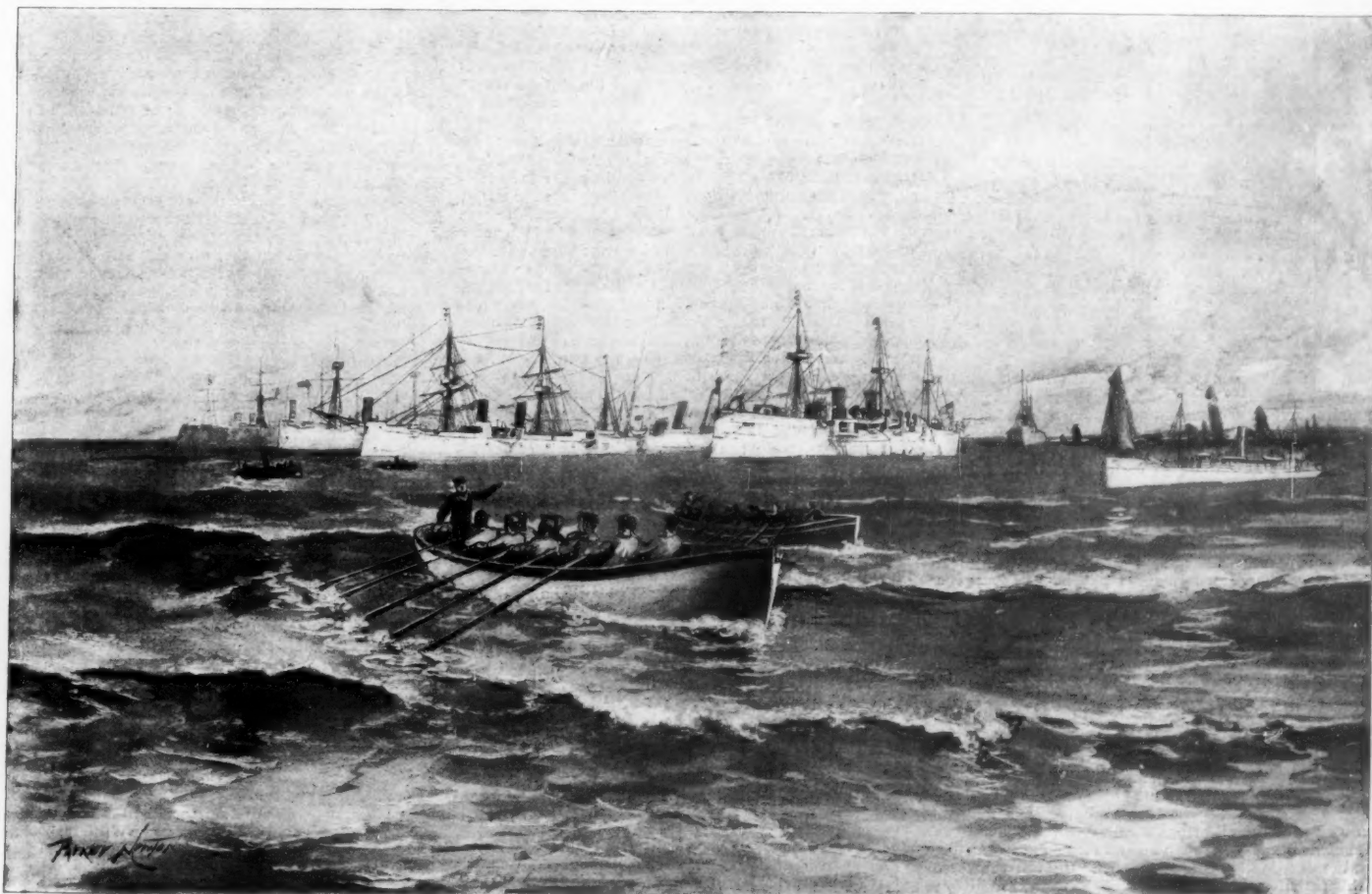
tion usually occupied by Rear-Admiral Walker when signaling to the other vessels of his command.

The *Baltimore*, being next in column, is the most con-

of the barge which is about to struggle for the championship of the fleet and for the international regatta, while hanging at the davits is a whaleboat fitted as a lifeboat and all ready to lower at an instant's warning should anybody fall overboard or an emergency arise necessitating dropping her into the water, with crew and everything prepared for a long pull. A view of the after part of the spar deck of the *Chicago* is also given, and shows just over the rail the other vessels now steaming along in line with each succeeding ship directly in the wake of her leader.

The marine near the hatch is an orderly on duty in attendance upon the admiral, and the one nearer the ship's side is a sentry, stationed at the life-buoy to prevent any interference with its mechanism, and to be in readiness to drop it when ordered by the officer of the watch in case a man should fall overboard. Instructions are usually given the lookout at the life-buoy never to let the buoy drop until the man overboard is astern of the ship, as experience has frequently shown that a man struggling for his life in the water will almost invariably swim toward the ship, no matter if the life-buoy is only a short distance astern of him. Instinct seems to point in the direction of the object from which he fell rather than toward what has been put overboard for his salvation.

While the squadron was steaming out, along came the *Detroit*, bound for Newport, R. I., on her trial trip. As



THE BARGE RACE IN HAMPTON ROADS.

immaculate *Philadelphia*. Repairs to the *Newark* and *Bennington* detained those two ships at Norfolk, while the *Bancroft* is not yet ready to take her maiden dip in the sea as a cruiser.

About the middle of the forenoon on the 4th, the eight ships of Admiral Walker's detached squadron tripped their anchors and steamed out under the lead of the *Chicago* toward Cape Henry. After a considerable display of bunting the vessels were gotten into column at correct distances and away they steamed. The picture shows them in this formation, and it will be noticed that they have the appearance of being in two columns. This is due to the fact of the tactical signal book directing that the vessels shall keep a little on either quarter of the flagship, so as to more clearly observe any signals that she may make, and also it is a formation better calculated to

suspicious figure, and up in her armored tops can be seen the machine guns, placed in this advantageous position so as to have a chance to sweep the gunners from an enemy's decks. In the forward top is an additional object, which is the man always stationed aloft when the ship is under way at sea to report anything that he sees in the way of vessels, discolored water, land buoys, or anything tending to aid the navigation of the ship. The pennant flying at the upper yard-arm is what is known as the answering pennant, and it is flown whenever the flagship's signal is understood. Each of the vessels has a similar pennant flying, while, well down the column, may be seen the *San Francisco*, which, as the leader of a sub-division of the squadron, flies signals in duplicate to those made by the flagship. This is done so that vessels way astern and too far to see distinctly what the admiral is saying, may have a chance to catch on. At an opposite yard-arm of the *Baltimore* will be noticed another pennant flying below a ball. This arrangement is to show at what speed vessels are steaming, and the combination, as shown here, indicates that standard full speed is the gait. This rate was fixed at eight knots per hour, that being thought an amount at which all could proceed with economy and safety. The *Charleston*, with her single smokestack, comes next, and apparently directly astern of the *Chicago*; but in reality slightly off her starboard quarter. Then after the *Baltimore* comes the *Yorktown*; at exact distance and bearing astern of the *Charleston*, we see the beautiful *San Francisco*, considered by many as the queen of the fleet. Somewhat shut off by the masts of the *San Francisco* is the *Atlanta*, identified by her yards; in the middle of the group is the *Concord*, over a mile away from the *Chicago*, while the little dot, having a lot of black smoke pouring from her smokestack, is the diminutive *Vesuvius*, the smallest, but, in smooth water, the fastest of the lot. Aboard the *Chicago* we have a half view

she caught up with the sternmost ship Commander Willard H. Brownson, who is to command her when in commission for sea service, gave the directions to the engineers that they were to let her out and send her humping along. The cut shows her going between fifteen and sixteen knots with a good-sized "bone in her teeth," and creating a most remarkable following wave astern.

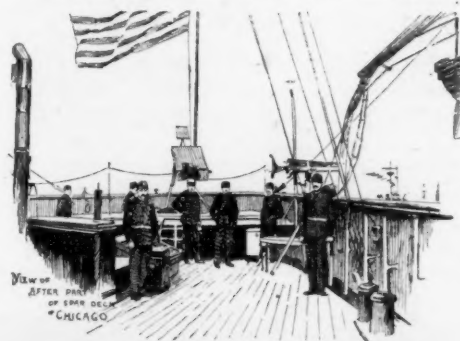
Mounted on the rail are the revolving Hotchkiss cannon of thirty-five millimeters caliber, and right astern is



that dangerous and vicious little barker, the rapid-fire one-pounder Hotchkiss, to be used against quick-moving torpedo boats, and what looks like a photographer's camera is a box for carrying the stern light at night.

The race between the rival crews of our men-of-war, which took place on April 19th, is illustrated by the central picture in the group on this page.

THE *London Graphic* announces that *à l'heure qu'il est*, the average length of girl in distinguished circles has been fixed at five-foot nine.



VIEW OF AFTER BRIDGE OF CHICAGO



"Shall we have most likelihood of success if we dig from east to west, or from west to east; or will you assist us with your divining rod of witch-hazel?"—SCOTT. *The Antiquary.*

#### DEEDS OF A DIVINING ROD.

"J. Grier, a farmer living near Mount Vernon, Mo., has a divining rod which he says will locate gold and silver. It consists of two strands of copper wire twisted together, forming a rod which is bent making an angle with a ring at the apex where the wire is wrapped with cloth with leadstone inside. Mr. Grier says that this divining rod will indicate the location of money, gold or silver, buried in the ground. He has buried gold and silver and allowed W. H. Norman and W. G. Perkins, both farmers near him, to search for it. Both men were successful."

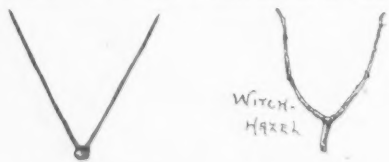
Have the "lords of creation" ever stopped to reflect that there is no kingdom in Nature, however humble, that is not supplied with some power or influence forbidden to man?

With regard to locomotion, for instance: the birds and insects have free range through the air; the fish are at home in the sea—while to amphibia, land and sea are alike; meanwhile, burrowing animals and earth-worms can dispense with air, and sea, and even the surface of the earth. If it is a question of self-defense—or of offense, poison snakes, centipedes, tarantulas and scorpions are certainly well equipped; so are the torpedo and gymnotus, which Nature has supplied with electric batteries; while as to sheer muscular strength, man is outdone by a host of animals. In the vegetable kingdom we meet with the same conditions. Not only are there scores of plants which possess the most extraordinary powers, from the famed "mandragora" to the poppy and the Indian hemp; but the mere touch of the dogwood and poison-ivy is dangerous, and often deadly. Again, the white ash repels the serpent, which flies before it; the allanhus is avoided by all insect life, and lightning is said to never strike the beech or the laurel. Finally, when it comes to the mineral kingdom, we have the different mineral poisons, arsenic, antimony, etc.; mercury, with its remarkable properties; and the lodestone, with gifts more wonderful than all the rest. The attention of the reader being directed to these facts—all of which are unaccounted for on any scientific principle—the narrative which is to follow need not be regarded as even surprising, much less impossible.

#### NATURE'S BOND OF SYMPATHY.

All Nature being formed of links in the great chain of Creation, there is of course a certain sympathy among its various elements. While a man who has lost his leg feels pains in the amputated limb, though that be buried or destroyed; and while some persons may remember to have experienced that curious, blood-curdling sensation accounted for by saying—"some one is walking over my grave"—while these things happen occasionally to man, the rest of the animal kingdom are far more highly favored. The scent of dogs amounts almost to a sixth sense. Cattle appreciate the coming of a thunder-storm, and all animals are perturbed just before an earthquake. The fur seal in myriads seek the Prybilof Islands annually for breeding purposes, wending their way thither and returning south unerringly, through thousands of miles of water; birds make their annual flights north and south by a sure instinct; squirrels and bees hoard provision for a time of want. This last trait brings the list within the purview of man, who is supposed to do the same thing—but does not, in millions of instances. And so, to turn the corner of this case, let us instance the fact that if a tract of pine land be burned over, it will grow up the next season with scrub-oak.

All of this is introductory to the subject of this article, which is one so little believed in by intelligent people that it needs to have some support such as we have been giving it to obtain for it a hearing at all. The Divining-Rod is set down in the encyclopedias as a stupid invention of the enemy, an outgrowth of self-consciousness combined with involuntary muscular and nervous action. This is one of those wise explanations of the scientists; just as "nervous prostration" and "heart failure" are given as names of causes for sickness and death. The divining-rod, however, "will not down at their bidding," but is a belief and a practice nowadays just as much as it ever was. To describe the article, briefly: It is a forked twig, or other bifurcated implement, shaped like the letter Y, in fact; and as to that, more



presently. With this it is claimed that certain persons in sympathy with it can detect hidden water-courses or springs, and also mines of ore or mineral, and that such persons can even discover by its use the character of that which it indicates—that is, the particular metal, or mineral, if it be such—and, mathematically, the distance at which it lies beneath the surface of the earth. The operation is simple, as it is only to hold the rod by the branches, one in each hand, with the "butt-end," so to speak, extending outward, and to walk over the ground to be inspected. The end extended will begin to turn down on nearing the hidden stream, or body of mineral; and, de-

spite muscular effort, will at last point directly downward. On digging at that point the search A will be rewarded. The distance to dig is the same as that from the spot where there is a sensible declination of the branches, to that where this declination becomes greatest; this being one side of an equilateral triangle, thus:

A is the operating point, where the declination is first noticed; B, the point where it is greatest; C, the object sought.

#### "WITCH-HAZEL" FACTS AND FANCIES.

The divining-rod is as old as Confucius, at least. That it is only an instrument does not take it out of the category with which this article begins; viz., that of the existence among the lower orders of nature of powers not granted to man, for it is conceded that without the divining-rod he can do nothing. The operator is called in England a "dowser," and the word with that meaning attached will be found in Webster's Dictionary, and the Century Dictionary. It is said in Cornwall that one out of every forty of the Cornish miners possesses the "gift." There is something curious about the Y-shape, by the way, as that letter has been held in special reverence for ages, the Hebrew word for the Almighty beginning with it, and the Pythagoreans as well as the believers in the "Cabala," making much of it. Persius, a satirist, who lived A.D. 34, wrote:

"There has the Samian Y's instructive make  
Pointed the road thy doubtful foot should take."

The translation of the word Yasehar, one of the Hebrew sacred books, is—"the book of the right road." It is curious, also, that in the sign Aquarius, or the "Waterman," in the Zodiac, four stars of the third magnitude combine to form a perfect letter Y.

Some years ago a gentleman now dead, a civil engineer connected with one of our principal railroads in the West, was a noted "dowser," and the well authenticated instances of his successes as a "finder" of running water, metals, coal, and even coal-oil, are numerous. He was able to tell in the dark the depth of a well he had never seen, and at what point it received water; in one case the well was forty feet deep, but the water came in at the depth of fourteen feet. During the latter part of his life he was a professional operator in this direction, and made a good part of his living by finding subterranean water-courses, coal-oil deposits, and coal measures. This gentleman used as a divining-rod two pieces of stout whalebone, each about a foot long, with one end of each piece fastened to a small ball of lead, just heavy enough to balance the other extremities when these were held in the two hands. He found that he lost his power when walking with rubbers, and when he tried the experiment of insulating himself by attaching four glass ink bottles to his feet. A fact that would point to some form of electricity as the medium through which the divining-rod operates.

#### AN EXPERIMENT WORTH TRYING.

The discovery of the possession of the "dowser's" gifts has been accidental in all recorded cases. It follows that no one can tell if he be not the favored one, except by trying. In almost any country neighborhood in almost any civilized country, inquiry will bring to light some peasant or farm-laborer, or some one higher up in the social scale, who has pretensions to being a "water-witch." Lady Milbanke, mother of Lord Byron's wife, was very successful in the use of the divining-rod, and some of her feats were published in the *Quarterly Review* in 1820. Horace Greeley had a young man on his farm at Chappaqua, near New York, who thought he could find water at a time when Mr. Greeley wanted a well dug, and on going over the farm with a forked hazel twig it turned down over a rock. A blast was put in the rock and exploded, and when the smoke cleared away a spring was revealed. This induces a writer on the subject to recall the act of smiting the rock in the wilderness of Kadesh, by Moses the Jewish lawgiver. The subject certainly offers opportunities to the curious, while the outfit is neither costly nor difficult to obtain. If not "hazel" or whalebone—try peach, apple, willow, beech or maple.

#### "THE NEW NERO."

WITH No. 4, Vol. XI, of ONCE A WEEK, we will issue a splendid novel, entitled "The New Nero," from the pen of Mr. Edgar Fawcett. It is perhaps the most original, weird and exciting yet written by the gifted author, whose novels and other contributions to American literature have become so popular. Mr. Fawcett strikes into an entirely new field in this extraordinary story, which is in fact a curious psychological study, introducing the reader to a new type of humanity in the character of Harold Mountstuart. The world has produced many varieties of the murderer, but none of them like Mountstuart, who directly or indirectly "removes" eight persons in such a clever way as to baffle suspicion as well as detection, while he secretly gloats over his artful methods. In short, Mountstuart makes murder a fine art. In the language of one of the characters in Mr. Fawcett's story:

"It is very horrible; but it's not mere ghastliness and bugabooism. There's a meaning behind it, . . . the bitter and terrible one that all great popular spiritual and intellectual advancement necessitates ruin and death to a certain minority. Harold Mountstuart is a voice that speaks for the minority, and with the language of mighty despair."

Dealing with a novel of such power and originality, it is not well to let the reader too far into the plot. Only let us say that whoever takes up "The New Nero" to read will not lay it aside until the last page is reached. It will



MR. EDGAR FAWCETT.

be mailed with our No. 4, Vol. XI, and this will be followed two weeks later by "All the Dogs' Fault," a new novel by Mr. T. B. Connery.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS OF FORTRESS MONROE.

THE principal object of interest ashore at Hampton Roads is Fortress Monroe, at the extreme tip of the cape known as Old Point Comfort. There has been a fort of some kind on this ground for two hundred and fifty years; but the present work, the largest of its kind in the world, was begun soon after the war of 1812, and has cost, up to date, about three million dollars. It is a six-sided structure of granite, with walls about thirty feet high, and inclosing more than seventy acres of ground. The interior is a substantial and picturesque village, near the center of which is a beautiful grove of live-oak, under which are a lot of trophies of the Revolutionary War—some of the artillery surrendered at Yorktown by Cornwallis.

The fortress is the habitation of the school at which all artillery officers below the rank of captain must at some time take a two-year post-graduate course in their special branch of the service. There are generally about twenty lieutenants in attendance, and the course of study is high, thorough and exacting. The casual visitor at the great hotel just outside the moat is likely to imagine that the handsome young officers he sees in the parlors and verandas have nothing to do but devote themselves to the pretty girls and be adored in return; but the young men and their instructors could tell a very different story. Men who study so hard would go crazy without occasional relaxation. The officers at the post, who—students, instructors, field, staff, etc., number about forty—have one of the most charming and unique club-rooms in the world; eight casemates or chambers, built each for one large cannon, are thrown by a series of arches into a suite of rooms, which are handsomely appointed and in which the members dispense delightful hospitality to hundreds of civilian visitors.

In one of the casemates of the fortress ex-President Jefferson Davis was confined after his capture and the fall of the Confederacy. It has been called a dungeon, but the truth is that since then the same casemate, like scores of others, has been the home of army officers and their families, and a very cozy home it made—when furnished.

On crossing a creek at the rear of the fortress one is at once upon historic ground—the old town of Hampton, on the site of which was an Indian village when Captain John Smith first visited Virginia. As long ago as 1653 there was erected here a handsome little Episcopal church, which still stands. In 1775 the inhabitants were numerous enough to repel the small boat's crew of a British fleet, but in the War of 1812 they were not so fortunate, and their town was pillaged. Near by is Big Bethel, where the first actual battle of the Civil War took place. Within the village limits is the handsomest "Soldiers' Home" in the Union, and the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, which is one of the educational wonders of the world. From a class of twenty young colored men and women whom General Armstrong, a gallant soldier and brainy philanthropist, tried to prepare intellectually, industriously and morally to educate their own race, there has developed a series of schools, shops, experimental farms, etc., covering an area about a half mile square, and looking like a model town—as it is. Among the students, all specially selected, are more than five hundred colored men and women and about a hundred and fifty Indians—all being trained to teach, civilize and elevate their own people.

Twenty miles away, up the peninsula formed by the York and James Rivers, is Yorktown, where the Revolutionary War was concluded by the surrender of Cornwallis, and where, eighty years later, was made the first stubborn resistance to McClellan in his ill-fated "Peninsula Campaign." Twelve miles farther is Williamsburg, Virginia's ancient capital, where Dunmore ruled as royal governor, where Patrick Henry made his oft-quoted speech against the king, and where Washington was so highly complimented in the House of Burgesses for his campaign against the French and Indians that his embarrassment conquered his self-possession. Here also is William and Mary College—the oldest in America; and here are the scenes, too, of the first really great battles of the Peninsula campaign.

Along James River, which empties into Hampton Roads near Fortress Monroe, still stand many of the stately homes of colonial Virginia. About forty miles from the fortress are the remains of Jamestown, the first white settlement in Virginia. Smithfield, almost as old as Jamestown, is only fifteen miles from the fortress, and easily reached by water. A few miles south of the fortress lies Norfolk, once as important a seaport as New York, and now second to no Southern port but New Orleans in business activity. It is also a most interesting city to the Northern visitor, for hundreds of its fine old houses, of distinctive Southern architecture, still remain to astonish and delight the eye that falls upon them suddenly. Across the Elizabeth River from Norfolk lies Portsmouth, in which is one of our principal navy yards—that from which the immense battleship *Texas* was recently launched, and in which, more than thirty years ago, the Confederates transformed the frigate *Merrimac* into the first ironclad warship that ever fired a gun. In Hampton Roads, just out of cannon-range of Fortress Monroe, the *Merrimac* sunk the *Cumberland* and *Congress*, and a few hours later met her match in the world-renowned *Monitor*.

To all these places of interest, and to ten times as many more, the officers of the visiting fleets will be taken by our own naval officers. Every place of interest, except Williamsburg, is easy of approach through being directly on the water, as thousands of visitors learn yearly, to their great delight. It remains to be said that "Old Point" has for half a century been a popular health resort, having geographically almost the position of an island, yet being far enough from the ocean proper to be free from great storms. In almost any direction the eye can roam over miles of salt water, and the hotels are directly on the beach.—(See our illustrations on page 4.)



## PURIFYING THE CROTON SOURCES.

EVERY necessary effort for the public good is sure to meet with opposition from some quarter, and the late energetic action of our city authorities to purify the sources of our water supply was no exception to the rule. The people whose rights, more or less ancient, more or less equitable, or more or less fanciful, were interfered with by Commissioner Daly's short, sharp and decisive incursion into Westchester County, naturally raised objections of one kind or another, when that official began to sweep away the nuisances and batter down the buildings considered detrimental to the public health. Mr. Jotham Tompkins appears to have been one of the most cantankerous and contumacious of the old inhabitants whose "rights" were thus destroyed. He lived as a hermit for many years in an old frame building on the forbidden ground and refused to vacate, so that the deputy sheriff was "kicked in," according to the reports. People of the neighborhood had never seen the interior, about which some mystery existed, but when at last opened to public view by Mr. Daly's representative, nothing very alarming was discovered, only an assortment of tin cans, ash barrels and miscellaneous rubbish. Old Jotham himself—whose person our artist has sketched elsewhere in the spirited picture we present of Commissioner Daly's raid—was found on the second floor in his bedroom, which was furnished with a few ordinary articles of domestic use, including a bed, with a large hole in its center, and a bureau on which stood an ancient clock. The old hermit took this clock and some papers with him when ordered to leave, and then the torch was applied. It was afterward learned that sixty dollars were hidden in the clock, and that though he lives on ten dollars a month, he is worth something like one hundred thousand dollars. *Quien sabe* whether this *on dit* is veracious. This was at Kensico.

At Mount Kisco, abutting on the brook which flows into the Croton, the officials found an old frame house formerly used as a tannery, and a further discovery was made of Mr. Sam Burt's prosperous Chinese laundry. Mongolian enterprise, it seemed, had invaded even this peaceful and sequestered nook. Laundryman Burt was evidently mystified; but, true to his racial traditions, he refrained from giving outward expression to his perplexity. He professed to understand nothing, and the case seemed hopeless until the unexpected advent of a sturdy female of the Aryan race suddenly put a new complexion on the proceedings. She turned out to be Mrs. Davidson, a lady who occupied a partitioned-off portion of the house, and was armed with considerable power of linguistic protest, besides a heavy rolling-pin, which she carried in one of her muscular hands. Upon receiving assurance that ten days' time would be allowed her in which to make good her removal she was somewhat appeased, but not before she had, in vigorous though somewhat dialectic English, announced her intention of exterminating the invaders if necessary.

"Pullootin' the Croton, eh? Waal, aw kin only jist say that if any city folks comes pollootin' round here they'll get all the pollootin' they wants."

At this decisive point Mr. Sam Burt condescended to wag his head from side to side, after the manner of the Chinese mandarins to be seen in tea stores, evidently intending the motion as an indorsement of the position assumed by Mrs. Davidson in the premises.

On the Warren Tompkins property at Kensico immediate action was resolved upon with regard to the saloon occupied by Mr. William Ackerley. This intrepid dispenser of Westchester County firewater was undismayed by the prospect of expulsion, and, like the faithful skipper of a gallant craft, he announced his heroic intention of "stayin' thar" till the place was burned over his head. In pursuance of this determined policy Mr. Ackerley continued to hand out drinks across the bar and rake in the stray dimes and nickels which a thirsty local population generously plunked down upon the well-worn counter. In fact, he stayed there until the roof-tree, in conjunction with the side walls, was so far removed and converted into stacks of lumber as to leave him exposed to the four winds of heaven and in imminent danger, owing to his shirt-sleeves costume and bare head, of catching either the influenza or the grip. Suddenly, a loosened plank from above fell with a crash into the chaotic mass of bottles on the buffet, and thereupon Host Ackerley, accompanying the action with several imprecations on pure water of all kinds and Croton water in particular, retreated to a place of safety.

The villagers changed their tone to one of exceeding jubilation, for some one had noised it abroad that all the property destroyed or condemned would be paid for threefold by the city of New York. When this became known a veritable uprising took place all over the country-side, and eager crowds flocked around the commissioner and his aids, only too anxious to draw attention to his or her establishment in the hope of securing its condemnation. Everybody imagined or sought to characterize himself as a "nuisance." Never before had there been seen such a multitude of self-confessed polluters of the Croton's crystal tide.

The accompanying sketches, which were made by Mr. R. O. Anthony upon the ground, faithfully illustrate some striking phases of this sanitary campaign. The view at Brewsters, where dozens of drainage pipes discharge into the stream and where the banks are strewn with garbage, conveys a good idea of the prevailing condition. The sketch of old Jotham Tompkins' house in flames and the realistic portraits of bellicose Mrs. Davidson and the inscrutable Celestial Sam Burt, are well worthy attention.

## "BECKET"—BY COMMAND.

ELSEWHERE we give an illustration of the performance of "Becket" at Windsor Castle by the great English actor, Henry Irving, and his company, by special "command of her majesty."

It brings us back to our old-time nursery traditions of the power and privileges that belong to royalty, to read

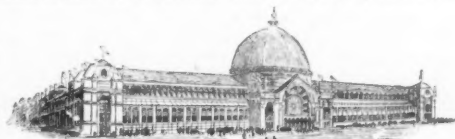
about this costly fancy of the queen of England. No effort was spared to realize the effect of a perfect theater, the scenery specially prepared for the occasion being an exact representation in miniature of that used at the Lyceum. The Waterloo Chamber, the one selected for the scene of the performance, was made to look for the nonce like a small *edition de luxe* of the real theater. It measures fifty yards long by as many feet broad, and has a gallery at one end. The stage is fifty feet deep and is raised about five feet above the floor. The orchestra, in which there are twenty music stands, faces the stage and is screened from the stalls by a hedge of palms and lilacs, arum lilies, azaleas and hyacinths, with ferns and mosses about their roots. The audience numbered about two hundred. The center chair of the front row of stalls was occupied by her majesty, to her right and left were seated members of the royal family, including some children who sat on little chairs. Besides the royal guests over a hundred servants were admitted to the performance, occupying the back row of the stalls.

The players arrived at the castle at noon on Saturday. Dinner was served to them in the Zucharelli and Vandyke rooms at half-past four, and tea at seven o'clock, the tables being lighted with massive candelabra and brilliant with plate. The performance was fixed for nine o'clock.

By an ingenious arrangement of screens, parts of St. George's Hall and the Guard Chamber were turned into dressing-rooms. A few were arranged in another quarter of the castle for Mr. Irving, Mr. Ferriss, and Miss Terry. The guests being all assembled, the queen arrived a few moments before the hour mentioned. The performance went without a hitch, and came to a close shortly before midnight. Her majesty graciously thanked Mr. Irving for his successful representation of "Becket." Supper was served to the company at 12:30, and at 1:30 Sunday morning they left Windsor in a special train. In an hour they were back in London.

Before leaving the castle the queen sent for Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, Miss Genevieve Ward, and Mr. Ferriss, and a special messenger carried her majesty's birthday book to Mr. Howe with a request for his signature. The "command" is thought to have cost Mr. Irving about a thousand pounds.

## SKETCHES OF FORMER EXPOSITION BUILDINGS.



## THOUGHTS ON WOMAN.

"A woman's noblest station is retreat."—*Lyttleton*.  
 "Women in mischief are wiser than men."—*Huc*.  
 "Woman is a joint creation of God and Satan."—*Andronotus*.  
 "Woman's honor is nice as ermine; it will not bear a soil."—*Dryden*.  
 "The woman that deliberates is—last."  
 "There is a Chinese sect which believes that women who subsist entirely on vegetables will become men on the last day."—*Fremont*.  
 "Every man who marries is like the Doge who weds the Adriatic Sea; he knows not what he may find therein—treasures, pearls, monsters, unknown storms."—*Heine*.  
 "He who trusts woman draws water with pitchers full of holes."—*Fleming*.

"As for women, though we scorn and flout 'em,  
 We may live with, but cannot live without 'em."—*Dryden*.  
 "I would not enter heaven if I thought the woman I adored on earth was not there."—*De Prades*.  
 "What at the beginning may have been regarded merely as a side issue frequently turns out to be the most important subject. It was so in the case of Eve."

## A SILHOUETTE OF CITY LIFE.

THE heavy night air penetrated to the marrow. Blurring the mist the lurid dial of a high-perched timepiece dimly revealed the midnight hour. There had been a steady downpour from the heavens all day long, and now a ghostly veil of fog displaced the rain.

Across the street a flickering electric light shot silvery serpents of reflection through a wind-stirred pool. Overhead a train bowed boisterously along the aerial roadway, leaving behind a straggling wake of foamy steam.

A lumpy mass of black, blotting the rain-soaked pave-



ment, rested limply in the shadow of a gaudy theater signboard, and stretched a chalky hand from out the darkness pleading piteously for alms.

A club man touched with liquor lurched ludicrously along, and with a brutal comment dropped a gleaming coin into the outstretched palm. The beggar blessed her benefactor, and the club man cursed the woman for a nuisance.

Encased in rubber armor a corpulent policeman paced noiselessly over the slippery sidewalk. The beggar phantom disappeared into the gloom. The drunkard ceased his coarse hilarity and hailed a passing cab.

The shadow of a saloon doorway hid the minion of the law. Slowly the gray, damp vapor melted in the breeze. The moon shone forth and wove a web of filmy silver on all the housetops.

A deep-voiced bell sang one clear note, then dozed again.

The blessed angel of repose had spread her somber wings above the city.

PERRITON MAXWELL.

## A "WOMAN'S DAY" IN KANSAS.

BRIGHT and early on the morning of April 4th the women of Kansas came trooping to the polls. They mustered strong, young and old, white and brown and black. They came alone, in couples and in squads; many even condescended to male escort, and arrived with their "men folks," the latter manifesting much pride in their emancipated relatives. But all voted in an orderly and intelligent fashion, and, owing to their presence at the polls, there was a notable absence of the brawls common to other years. As a result of the experiment woman's suffrage is declared a success in Kansas. But one swallow does not make a Summer. It remains to be seen whether a similar enthusiasm will mark future elections when the charm of novelty shall have subsided and only a stern sense of public duty beckons to the polls. The suffragists may not all share the ardor and determination of the seventy-year-old Armandale heroine, who won't be satisfied until she sees "a woman in the Presidential chair at Washington." But the chances are equal the other way; and though Mrs. Potter, who ran for mayor in Kansas City, was left out in the cold, it doesn't follow that the White House may not one day, as well as Windsor Castle, be presided over by a very woman.—(See page 12.)

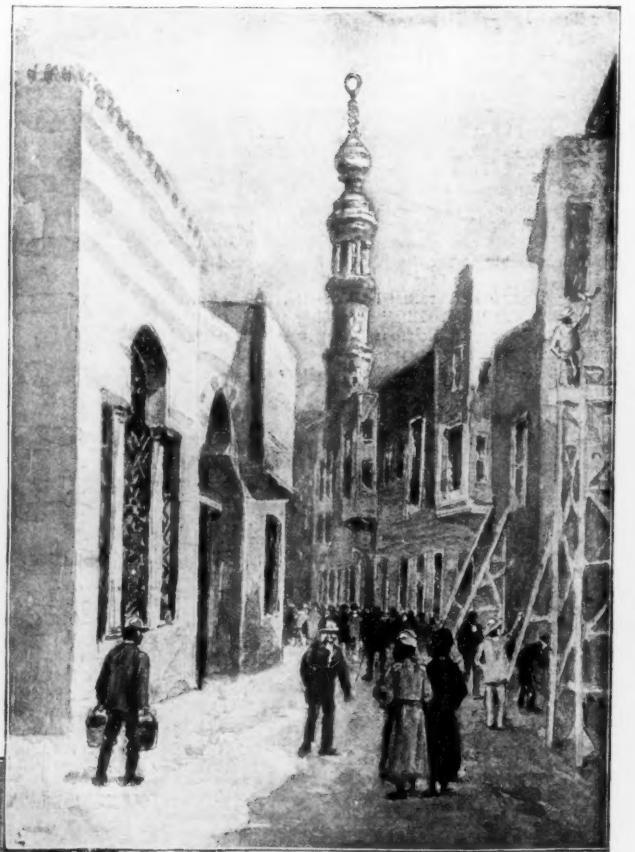
## A NEW PRIZE COMPETITION.

To any reader of ONCE A WEEK who sends us, before May 20, 1893, the complete list of words made out of one other word of any number of syllables, as in the example printed below, we will give a special complete edition of Thackeray, comprising eight volumes, printed on extra fine heavy paper, bound in best English cloth, gilt side and back, and in large clear type.

The terms of competition are simple. Every reader desiring to try for the prize will only have to cut this notice from any number of ONCE A WEEK and paste it on his letter enclosing the word he has selected with its group of words formed therefrom.

To illustrate clearly the meaning of this competition we will take the word "amusing" as an example. From this word you have at once "am" and "musing." Then you have a, an, al, as, aim, Angus, animus, agnus, gan, gas, gin, gun, gamin, Gus, gain, gum, I, is, in, Ina, Isa, ignus, man, main, mug, muns, mussa, manns, mina, maun, Numa, nag, sin, sing, sang, sung, sain, Sam, Siam, sun, sign, snag, sung, sag, us, using, Una, uns, and probably others. Thus we have already made fifty words out of the simple word "amusing."

We invite every reader to try the interesting experiment. There is much amusement, as well as instruction, to be gained, and there is the added stimulus of a valuable prize.

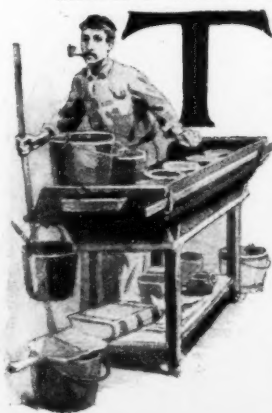


THE EGYPTIAN STREET AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

1. Arabs at Work on Ornaments. 2. Street Showing Minaret. 3. Main View of the Street. 4. Character Sketches, Water Carrier.



## MAKING STAGE SCENERY.



THE making of stage scenery and accessories has not only become a business of much magnitude, but it has developed largely peculiar inventive genius, made a unique field for the exercise of superior artistic talent and facility, and brought into play a high order of mechanical skill. This entirely independent of the regular artists and artisans of the great play-houses. From one studio in New York, devoted to the painting, modeling and fabricating of

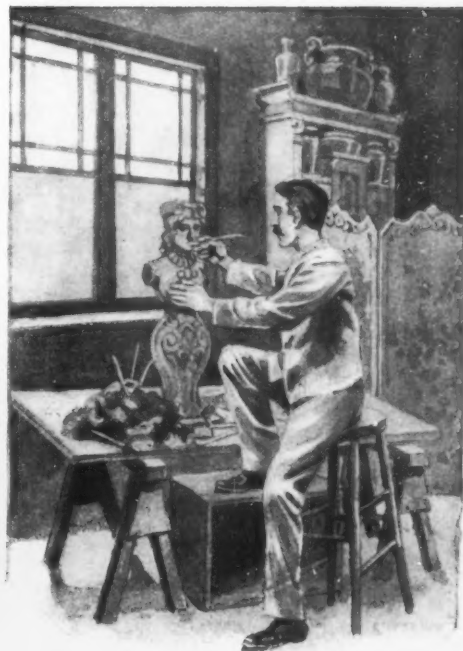
such scenery and furniture, a large proportion of the

time. Here, stowed away but easy of access, are the molds for furniture and decorations in vogue during any century the customs and passions of which the drama of to-day may have the assurance to attempt to reproduce, and at any reasonable notice a play can be fitted with all that is necessary in that line.

Up another flight of stairs is the studio proper. An immense room, fitted with endless ropes and tackle, bull-wheels and swinging bridges. Half a dozen artists, busy with the brush, some perched high on a bridge, some swinging nearer the floor, some on the floor, each putting on canvas the subject that has been assigned him. By simple machinery the bridges on which they stand may be raised or lowered, or the broad canvases themselves may be adjusted to the convenience of the artists.

ED. MOTT.

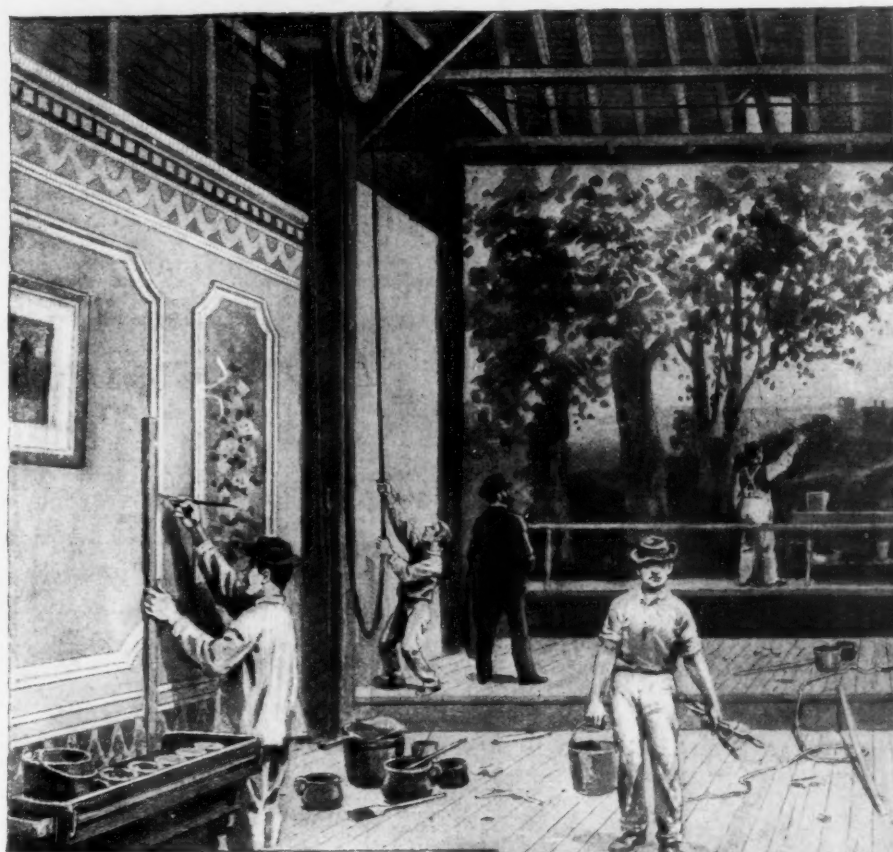
MARK TWAIN registered at a New York hotel as George Jones from Gibraltar, when he came home from abroad the other day. James Whitcomb Riley about the same time was standing before the clerk's desk in a St. Louis hotel gasping at the order of that functionary to the negro porter to show Mr. Riley to No. 13. "To room 13—with a cross-eyed coon!—no, you don't," said the Hoosier poet. Was this the perennial youth and newness and vigor and



picturesqueness of the West, contrasted with the conservatism of the East?

IN our last number we published illustrations of the earliest International Fair buildings, in order to enable our readers to make comparisons with the vast structures of our own great Fair soon to be opened in Chicago. We give some further illustrations of the same kind elsewhere in this number.

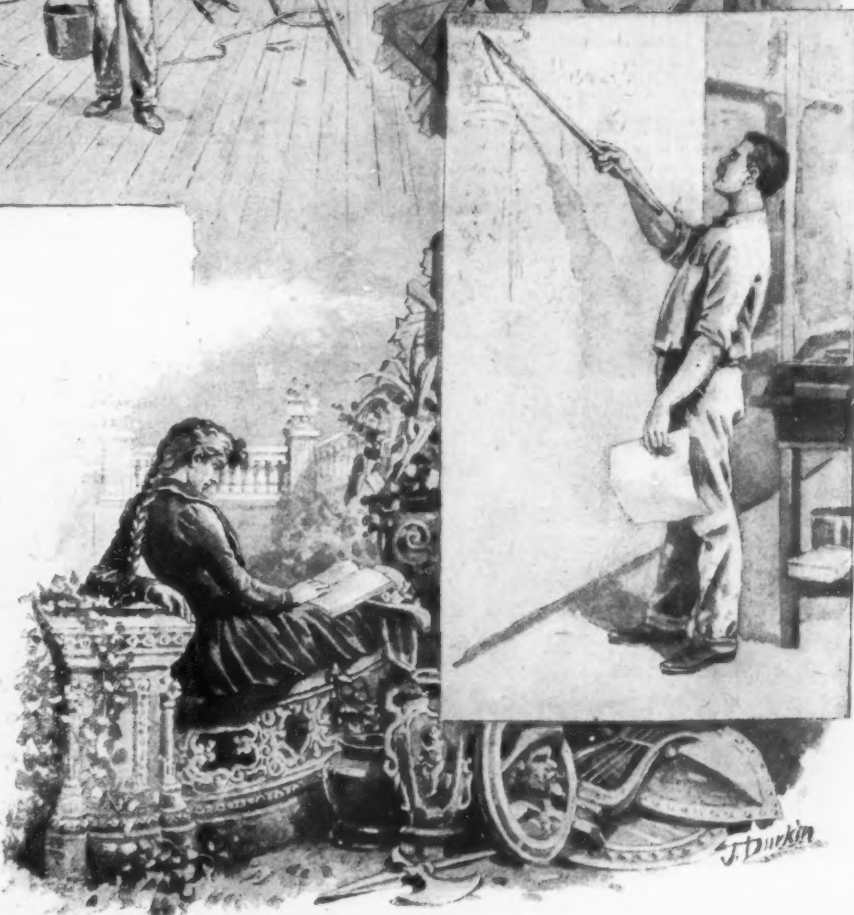
THE Sedan chair is about to be revived in Europe.



traveling theatrical companies of the country obtain the equipments for their productions, and so completely have the experience and observation of the artist who owns this studio and directs its affairs subordinated space and bulk to the requirements of stage setting that the entire scenic outfit of a company, "drops," "wings," "borders," and even furniture, may be carried in ordinary wardrobe trunks. It has made the appalling items of express charges, cartage, except baggage and freight, of little or no importance, for a trunk or two will now do the service for an itinerant troupe that it formerly required special baggage cars and scenery trucks to do—and these expenses ran very high up into the hundreds of dollars for the season. The invention, if such it may be called, is simply the substitution of aniline dyes for mineral pigments in the colors used on the canvases. The thin but brilliant aniline tints become virtually a part of the canvas itself. The scenery can be folded without injury to its effect and made to accommodate itself to the convenience of the manager in transportation, and manipulated to the capacity or resources of the stage upon which it is to be used; whereas a canvas spread with color in the old-time way would quickly part with its decorated surface and become a mottled and meaningless expanse of cloth if not kept in circumspect position in transit by more or less cumbersome frames and sundry unbending braces.

To one who has an hour to spare nothing could be more interesting than a visit to this unique studio. "Anything that any stage carpenter can do with all his facilities we can do here, and give him points," the attendant will say, and the space, and the clatter of hammer, and the swish of plane are sufficient to convince you that he knows what he is talking about.

Up a flight of stairs a well-known modeler in clay is fashioning with his deft hand a beautiful design. Taken and cast in bronze it would excite admiration and command price, but it is simply a design for a mold into which plastic papier-mache is to be pressed and manipulated, to become later the ornamentation and furnishing of a stage interior, which, in its shining gilt and artistic elaboration, will appeal to the spectator as a costly evidence of some manager's devotion to the truth of history and knowledge of the fashion of that particular drama's





## AN AMERICAN SINGER.

WE have pleasure in reproducing an excellent portrait of Miss Esther Palliser, whose wide popularity on the operatic stage is a just cause of pride to all Americans. Miss Palliser, whose real name is Walters, is the daughter of Mr. B. Frank Walters, of Germantown, Philadelphia. Since her adoption of a professional career, Miss Palliser's father accompanies her in all her travels. The gifted young singer was favorably known in musical circles on this side, even before going to Paris to complete her studies under the best trainers of the voice there.



MISS ESTHER PALLISER.

At fourteen she was leading soprano in Dr. Peddie's church in Philadelphia. She was seventeen when she went abroad, and, after devoting three years to careful study, she was invited to undertake the rôle of Gianetta in Gilbert & Sullivan's comic opera, "The Gondoliers," on the occasion of the introduction of that work to America. Miss Palliser remained in the United States six months, singing as Phyllis in "Iolanthe" and Marguerite in "Faust." She returned to England in 1890 and made her debut in London as Rowena in "Ivanhoe." Since then Miss Palliser has displayed marvelous versatility in adapting herself to all the most brilliant rôles of modern opera. Last December she undertook the part of Michaela in "Carmen" at Windsor Castle, before the queen, who was specially delighted with the young singer, and now she is appearing in an entirely new capacity as an oratorio singer. She took part in the introduction of Miss Smyth's new Solemn Mass at the Royal Albert Hall last month, and also in a recent performance of Gounod's "Redemption" in the same place. Her success in oratorio is fully as great as in opera.

## ART IN PARASOLS.

Of all the novelties which Dame Fashion has brought forth this Spring none are so pretty and artistic as the parasols and umbrellas. The designs are new, the shapes are elegant, and the colors exquisite.

The umbrella-cases are especially noticeable for their bright colors and novel designs; many of them have large puffs at each end, thus giving room for the trimmings of lace and ribbons, yet many of those with puffs are delusions and snares, for they are put on the casings of perfectly plain umbrellas.

The very latest and the most elegant parasols are in ivory white corded silk, with handles in white ivory, most of them plain, although some have narrow gold bands. The sticks are of white enameled wood, and the ribs are white celluloid. An elaborate bow of ivory white satin is always set on the handle of these umbrellas.

Pale green, delicate pink and heliotrope are the colors most in favor in umbrellas. Others, again, are made of striped silks of different colors. I saw one of red and white striped silk that looked like a stick of peppermint candy.

All these which I have mentioned are with cases, and are to be carried with tailor-made suits, or with the style of dress affected by the "Summer girl" at the watering-places on her morning promenade.

But the parasols and sunshades for the carriage, and the hotel piazza, who can describe? They are indeed works of art and are the crowning point of an elaborate toilet. Many of them are masses of expensive lace put on either in puffs or ruffles, and sometimes in folds. Often



they are made without a silk lining, and a lace net forms the foundation upon which the lace edging is sewed. The sticks of these lace parasols are of ivory, ebony, rose pearl,

mother of pearl, and of seed jets. Gold and silver sticks are not used at all this season.

I saw several silk-covered parasols which were shaded, beginning at the center in a dark color and gradually shading off to a lighter tint. These had almost the appearance of rainbows.

Another novelty is the setting in of a lace band or insertion about four inches from the edge of the parasol. This makes a very pretty effect.

Some of the handles of the umbrellas are hollow and have a little cover at the end which fastens with a spring. Inside a button hook and a pencil may be carried. Some

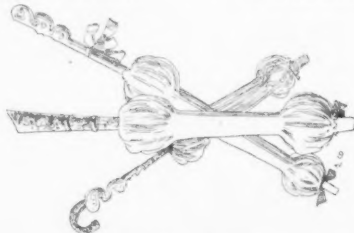


are so arranged that they hold small change for car fare, which is very convenient.

Several illustrations are here given of the new parasols and umbrellas. An ingenious woman can easily see how they may be imitated and made at home. As the umbrellas are mostly always kept rolled—indeed, "the girl of the period" never thinks of raising one, but uses it more as a man uses a walking-stick—it matters very little what the covering is; it is the case which counts, and one may have a dozen of these puffed cases, made as elaborately as one chooses, to fit one umbrella. A bright girl will make a case to match each of her gowns.

The lace-trimmed parasols may also be made at home, and what a lot of money one can save by doing this. Of course it is not at all an easy task, but the deft fingers of an ingenious woman can accomplish great things. And a few yards of lace and ribbon tastefully applied to an old parasol or to a plain new one will transform it to an elegant article of the toilet.

JULE DE RYHER.



## WOMEN'S GOSSIP.

I LEAD in one of the English journals the other day of a woman well enough on in years who has carried her fondness for dolls out of the nursery, and still contrives to find excellent pastime in dressing and caring for a collection of puppets.

What a pity that this absurd hobby, which, after all, is but a perversion of the maternal instinct, could not be converted into a real solicitude for some of the neglected little ones of the earth, who would more than repay in love and gratitude an expenditure of time and money now being wasted on senseless dolls.

Many other women, too, who are not ashamed to make open profession of idleness and its inevitable concomitant, ennui, might profitably employ a small portion of each day in fashioning little frocks and pinafores for the children of the poor. There are numerous societies working for this end; but, as an ardent devotee for the lethargy I speak of, individual exertion is more efficacious than organized effort, which often degenerates into jealous rivalry. A yard or two of material goes a long way in the making of children's clothes, the price of it will not be missed out of a purse accustomed to gape wide at the lightest demand of extravagant frivolity. Then the gratuitous advantages of good taste and neat workmanship, which a lady will impress on the simplest product of her hands, will have a distinctly elevating effect on the child who is destined to wear it. There is no question of pampering the poor with offerings unsuited to their station. But no harm can come from supplying them with clothes made of durable material, firmly sewed, and tastefully finished. Such garments will outwear half a dozen of the flimsy sort they are compelled to buy, and save anxious and hard-working mothers many a source of worry and sleeplessness.

Have any of our American readers ever heard of the Princess Susanna Matilda Carolina, sister of her majesty Queen Charlotte, who, in the period immediately preceding the War of Independence, swept like a comet over the colony of North Carolina? Mr. Walter Besant revives this lady's singular history in *The Queen*. Her appearance in this hemisphere was surrounded with mystery. It was somewhat unusual for German princesses to travel unattended so far from home. But this one was an excep-

tion. She had her royal credentials; to-wit, a portrait of her majesty, a collection of valuable jewels, and handkerchiefs embroidered with a crown and a B. Her manners were marked by a gracious condescension, people were freely admitted to the honor of kissing her hand, and promises of such little trifling favors as commissions in the army and navy, church dignities and promotions were freely bestowed on her friends. The planters vied with each other in paying her tribute of respect until, presto! A thunderbolt in the shape of an advertisement suddenly shattered the airy fabric of pretended royalty into a thousand pieces. Information was earnestly solicited concerning one Sarah Wilson, a convict servant-maid who had been in the service of the Hon. Miss Vernon, maid of honor to the queen; who had stolen some of the royal jewels, been apprehended, tried and sentenced to death; who, by the clemency of the queen, had had her sentence commuted to transportation, and, having escaped from her keepers, had put on princess-ship as an agreeable change from her former state. Her reign was splendid, but brief. Of her subsequent history there is no verified account; but it is asserted that many people believed in her to the end—presumably the people who had kissed her hand.

American women have the advantage of their British sisters in matters of municipal government, for while it is by this time a well-established custom to appoint our women on Boards of Education and other erstwhile severely masculine bodies, an attempt to follow this precedent on the other side has evoked considerable discussion. The agitation, however, has secured a certain measure of success.

The appointment of women on Boards of Guardians of Workhouses is creating considerable satisfaction among advocates of female suffrage in England. It is contended that the presence of women acts as a wholesome stimulus to the enthusiasm of the men, who under ordinary conditions are apt to regard the cases coming up before them for discussion with a purely official eye. I suppose this is true, yet cannot help feeling a pang of pity for the other side, the dethroned lords of creation who once upon a time had things all their own way, ruling the world and the women, right manfully according to their masculine light, but now know not whither to turn to avoid the rustle of the petticoat.

It seems to me women have got their rights with a vengeance, and that if the progressive movement keeps on with increasing momentum as it promises to do, a reverse aspect of the mine and thine question will eventually be forced up for discussion.

A prettier bit of womanly service to the State is suggested by the proposed offering of British ladies of a silk Union flag to one of their first-class line-of-battle ships. The idea strikes pleasantly on the mind, in grateful contrast to the more unfeminine bids for notoriety which too frequently nowadays distress the public ear. One would like to think that the flag which floats from mast and citadel, and waves on the field of battle, inciting heroes to deeds of valor, was the work of patriot women, proud to embody the love of their country in a symbol scarcely less glorious than the exploits of the soldiers spurred on to death or victory by the mere sight of the nation's colors. As a matter of fact, the flag industry, necessarily a large one, is mainly in the hands of women operatives. But it would be a graceful act on the part of gentlewomen having a genuine feeling of patriotism to offer, on special occasions, a national flag worthy of the country, of the makers, and of the gallant recipients. It is not likely that a single dissentient male voice would be lifted up against such a proposal.

The Duchesse de Valence gave a novel sort of dinner in Paris recently. The guests were all young people and dressed entirely in white, the girls in gauze or crepe, the gentlemen in velvet, silk or satin. An elaborate system of electric lighting enhanced the effect to a point of exceptional brilliancy. Parisian hostesses were mightily taken with this idea, and illuminated dinners are now quite the fashion in the gay capital.

Another quaint conceit is the *dinner-à-tête*, at which the guests are bound to appear with their heads dressed in some significant fashion, historic, fantastic or comic. As the remaining portion of the costume is ordinary evening-dress, the effect should be slightly incongruous, bordering, one would imagine, on buffoonery. But any novelty which supplies a topic for conversation and tends to keep the many-headed monster of dullness at bay, is eagerly adopted by the bored and boring members of fashionable society.

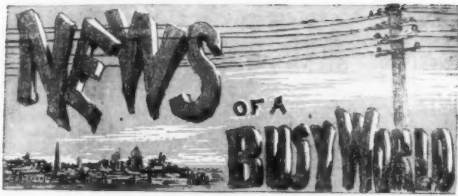
It is a far cry from Theosophy to the wash-tub, or so one would have thought, if Mrs. Besant had not united the extremes by interesting herself in a new laundry scheme. It is projected "under the auspices of the League of Theosophical Workers," and has nothing benevolent or charitable about it, but is planned with a view to success as a self-supporting undertaking. The employees, we suppose, will come in for some lectures on the original doctrines of moral responsibility, which the ex-disciple of Neomalthusianism takes prodigious satisfaction in expounding in season and out of season. If so, we would like to plead, in the interests of laundry patrons generally, for an occasional brief epilogue, irrelevant but not unwise, bearing on the proper treatment of flannels and the problem of saving pearl buttons from wholesale destruction.

LILY D'YRRAB.

Was it an Irish, English, an Austrian, or a French pilgrim who, on the occasion of the Pope's last jubilee, on being introduced at the Vatican, grasped Pope Leo XIII. by both hands, with the genial remark, "I am very glad to meet Your Holiness: I knew your father, Pius IX., so well!"

The Esquimaux did not come to the World's Fair for nothing. The measles has broken out in their Jacks on Park village.





## FOREIGN.

## A YOUTHFUL ALEXANDER.

INTO the company of European crowned heads—bearded and bald and bedizened, obese and slender, good and bad—comes the smooth-faced boy, King Alexander I. of Serbia. On the night of April 13th a grand banquet was given in the royal palace at Belgrade to celebrate young Alexander's success in passing the examination required for Serbian students. The youthful heir to Serbia's throne was not "plucked," and the nobles, retainers and two others rejoiced at, and did full justice to, that banquet.

Now, about those "two others." They were M. Ristitch and General Belimarkovitch, the Regents. They and their Ministers and supporters never suspected anything. At midnight, while the festivities were at their height, the young Alexander proclaimed himself king. He added that he had attained his majority. The distinguished company smiled, thinking the wine had gone to the boy's head. Alexander was born in 1876 and is not yet seventeen. "Attained his majority?" Yes; it must be the wine, thought the two Regents.

But the king and his advisers were out for a throne and a crown, and the soldiers in waiting promptly placed the Regents and their Ministers under arrest, and conveyed them to a suite of rooms which had been prepared for them in the castle. The Serbian army stood by the king. In fact, it seems that the army was in the secret all the time. Long before daybreak the king proceeded to the barracks, where the troops were under arms, and was received with joyous acclamations and many expressions of loyalty.

The proclamation which has been issued everywhere in the country by this time bears the king's signature. In it Alexander declares that the Constitution has been lately in sore jeopardy, the rights of the citizens imperiled and the constitutional position of Parliament so abused that the king must end the unhappy condition of affairs. He therefore declares that he has come of age and has assumed kingly power. Henceforth, the proclamation adds, the Serbian Constitution acquires its full significance.

The Regents have been deposed, the Cabinet dismissed, and a new Ministry appointed. M. Dokitch is the new Prime Minister.

A REVOLUTION is threatened in Peru by the adherents of the ex-dictator Pierola, who is in convenient exile at Panama, from which he directs the policy of his supporters.

Armed attacks upon a governor's palace in the interior and violent hostile demonstrations before the president's palace at Lima have recently occurred. Ex-Dictator Pierola, it may be remarked, is working for the Peruvian presidential nomination. The voting at the polls promises to be a mixture of bullets and ballots. It is not at all unlikely that the recent outrages upon American citizens in Peru were the work of Pierola's secret sympathizers.

The Argentine Republic has been asked to give up Balfour—not the Tory leader, but one almost as bad—to wit, Jabez Spencer Balfour, president of the Liberator Building Society, who is a fugitive from justice.

President Montt has declared martial law in four provinces of Chile. There is no disorder; this is a precautionary measure. Brazil has patched up its difficulty with Paraguay, but has the war on its hands yet with the revolutionists of Rio Grande do Sul, who have been joined recently by the German and Italian colonists. The combined forces are likely to triumph over the Brazil "republic."

In Great Britain there has been unusual commotion during the past week. The striking dock laborers at Hull will probably lose in their struggle with the Shipping Federation. Moral and material aid is promised by the union men in other branches of the marine service; but such aid will be necessarily short-lived. Three thousand non-union men have already taken the places of the strikers under the protection of dragoons and police. It is believed that a general strike of union men at all English ports is about to take place. The Ship Owners' Federation have joined the masters of the Shipping Federation. Unless a proposed compromise is accepted bloodshed is to be feared.

By the explosion of gas in a coal-pit at Pont-y-Pridd, Wales, two hundred miners were penned in with death, only seventy of whom are known to have escaped.

While Balfour is arousing religious and factional hatred in Ulster, and Michael Davitt is declaring that thirteen million Irishmen throughout the world will accept Home Rule as a bond of peace, the Government has issued stringent regulations against the entry of firearms into Ireland except at certain ports.

Spain and Japan may go to war over the latter's seizure of the Pelew Islands, a group lying between the Caroline and Philippine. Spain claims the Pelew group by right of discovery. They are very fertile, contain ten thousand inhabitants, and are valuable as an important link in the chain of Spanish insular possessions in the Pacific.

The Belgian Chamber of Deputies has rejected universal suffrage; the General Council of the Labor party has in consequence ordered a general strike of Belgian workmen.

## DOMESTIC.

OLD clothes are not liable to customs duties and are remarkable in many other respects, but principally because they are sometimes not so very old, either. Here is a case in point. The youngest daughter of Bradley Martin of New York, was wedded to the Earl of Craven at the residence of the bride's parents. The wedding trousseau was purchased in Europe, and was left there when the party came

home the other day, bringing the earl with them. That let the trousseau out. But the wedding dress was in one of the one hundred and twenty-eight trunks that the family carry their "luggage" in while taking Atlantic ozone at brief intervals. The wedding dress, being for a Martin, was a European purchase too, of course. It was liable to the McKinley law—when it was new. But, so said her father, the bride-elect while abroad wore the garment to receptions and—that, don't you know. That is why we say old clothes are remarkable in many respects. But this is the first time an American girl was ever married in them to an English earl.

The general managers of all railroads in the Western Passenger Association have decided that no fast limited trains shall be run. The minimum time between Chicago and Missouri River has been fixed at sixteen hours, between Chicago and St. Paul at thirteen hours and twenty minutes. Longer trains of passengers will be hauled, and it is thought there will be less danger of accident.

The Twin City Rapid Transit Company of St. Paul and Minneapolis has advanced the wages of motormen and conductors from seventeen cents to twenty cents an hour. No strike.

The Anti-Pinkerton Bill has passed the Wisconsin Legislature, and it will be unlawful hereafter to employ Pinkertons, or any similar force of men, to act as militiamen, policemen or peace officers, for the protection of person or property, or for the suppression of strikes within the State.

It is reported that William Lloyd Garrison and other Boston Independents will protest against the rapid work of headman Maxwell among Republican postmasters.

The Illinois Central Railroad is inclosing its right of way on the Chicago lake front, and at the same time fencing out the public from the beach. The officials say they will run a World's Fair train every fifteen seconds, and do not want to kill anybody. They advise the public to build viaducts across their fences and walls—or pay at the Central turnstiles.

Mayor Harrison of Chicago begins by disapproving a grand inauguration of himself at the Auditorium. He promises a business administration of the city government and a clean city in gala attire for visitors to enter at the opening of the Fair. He denies that he received an election fund from gamblers, and says he will bear no resentment toward the newspapers that fought his candidacy, if they now treat him fairly. If they continue to attack him he will use his own *Times* to reach the people.

The remains of Jefferson Davis will be removed from New Orleans to Richmond beginning May 28th. The funeral train will start from the Crescent City on that date and is scheduled to arrive at Richmond on the evening of the 30th. The governors of the States through which it passes will accompany the remains through their respective borders.

Attorney-General Johnson of Mississippi decides that all cotton held by buyers at the beginning of the fiscal year shall be taxed, and as a great deal of the staple is being held, the taxes amount to many thousands of dollars throughout the State.

## A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



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3.



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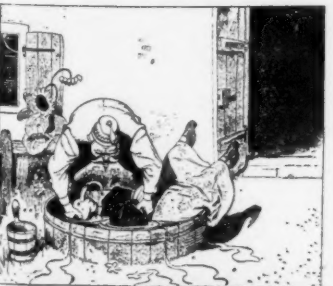
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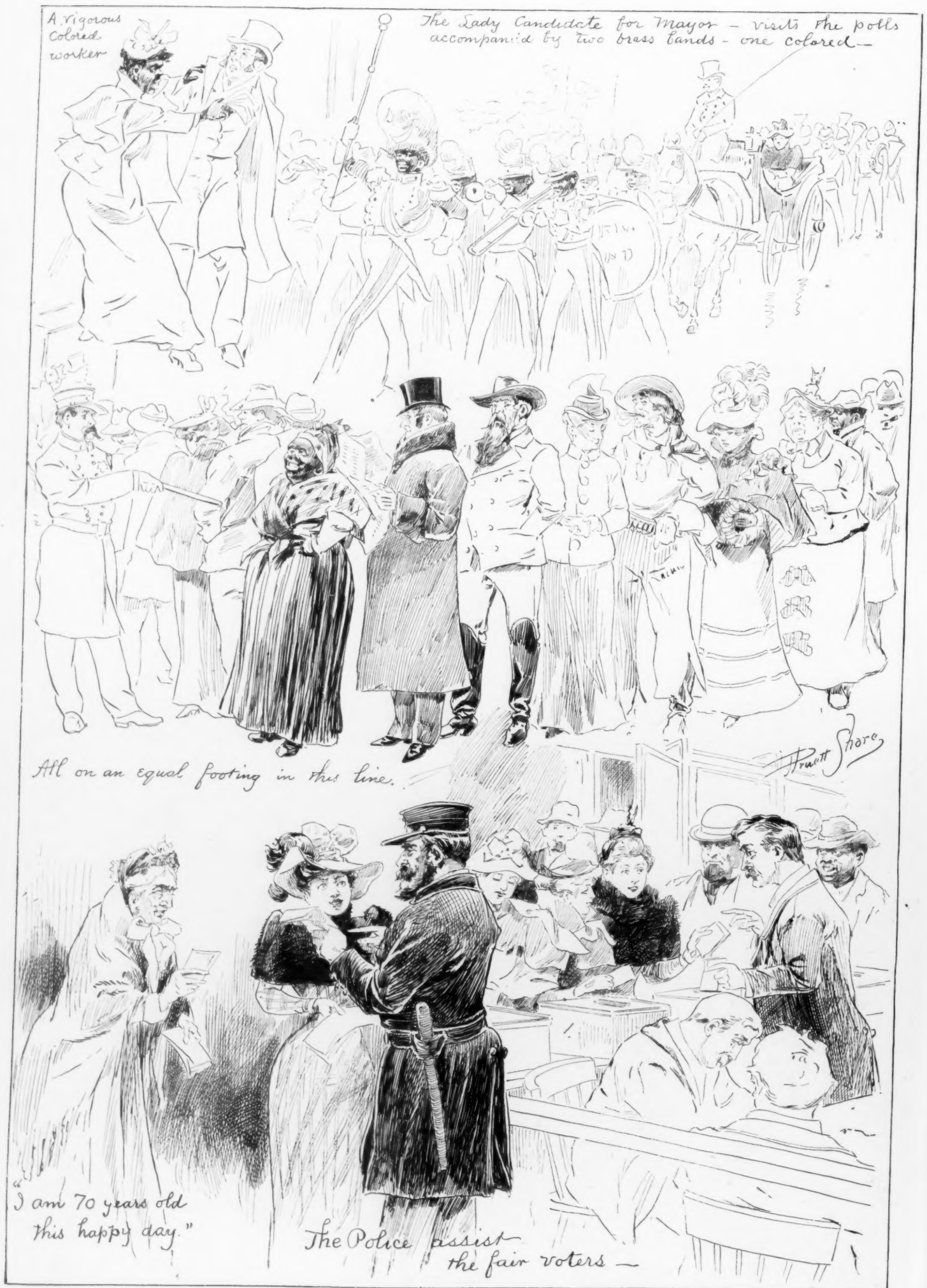
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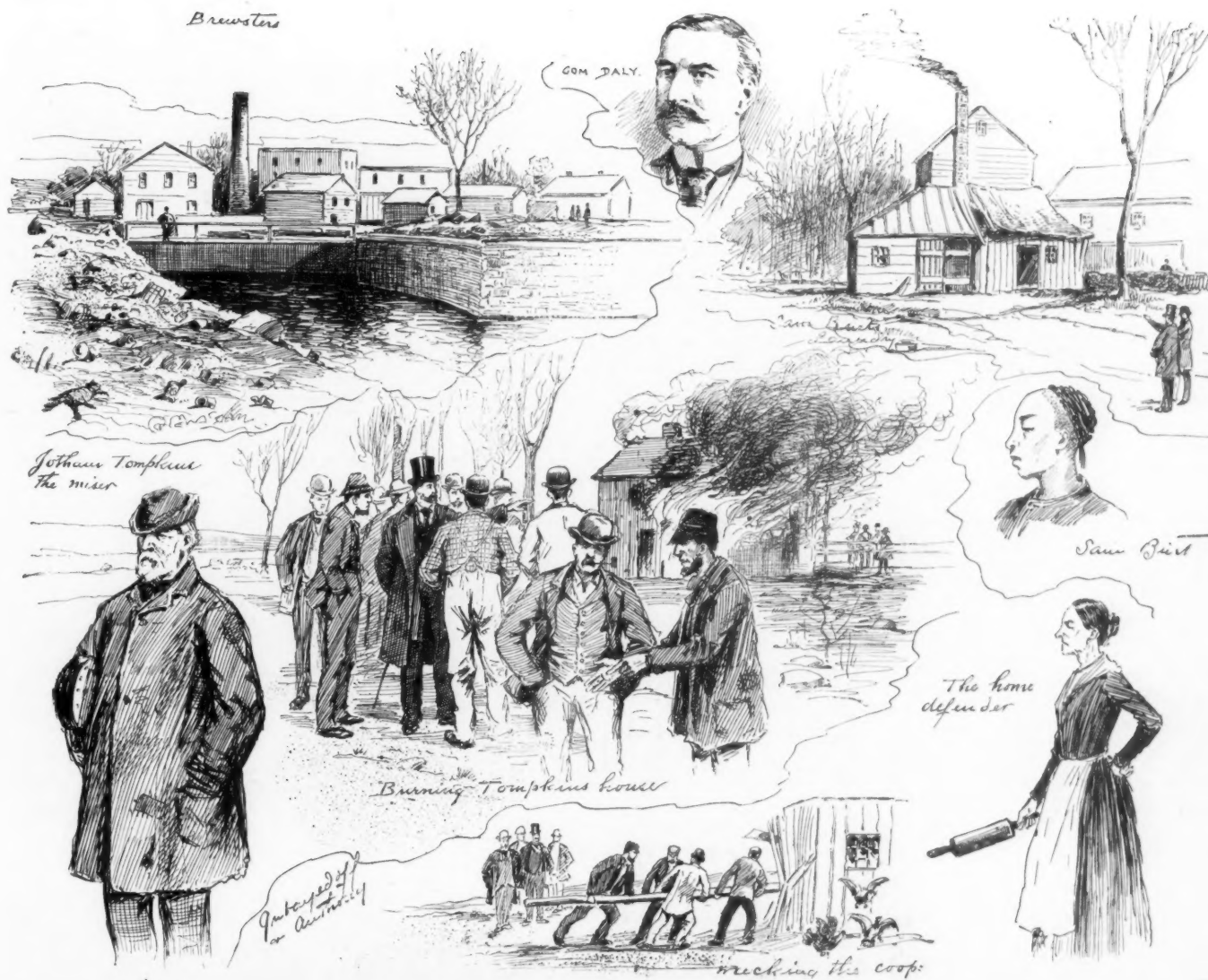


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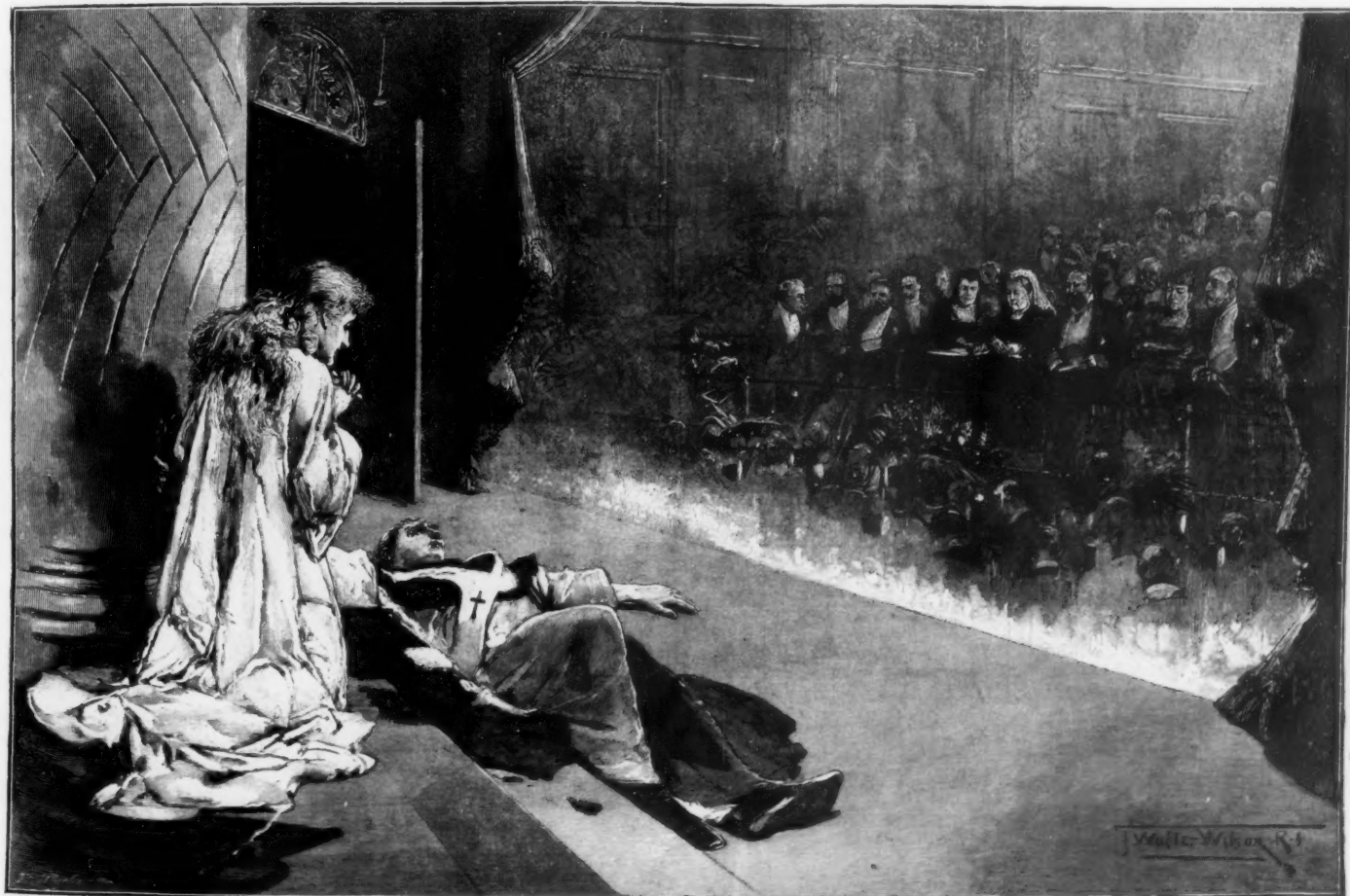


FEMALE SUFFRAGE IN KANSAS.





AN OFFICIAL RAID INTO OUR WATER-SHED.



IRVING AND MISS TERRY IN "BECKET," AT WINDSOR CASTLE, "BY COMMAND."

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**MY LITTLE FRIEND.**

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.  
Author of "Riddle's Baby," etc.

**CHAPTER IV.**

MISS DAMER never quite knew how the accident had happened. When she came back to her senses again, which was in something like ten minutes, she found herself being attended to by a strange lady. She realized in an instant that she had been in collision. The pony was standing near, trembling and shaking, in charge of a policeman, and a heavy tax-cart, whose horse was held by the firm hand of a giant of a man, dressed in ordinary gentleman's country clothes, was standing hard by.

"Oh, what has happened?" she cried. "Did I faint? How did we get knocked over?"

"Pray, be still," said the lady, "I don't think you're hurt yourself."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Phyllis, "I feel rather queer; but what happened?"

"Well, this horse was a runaway—at least, so the men say—and they caught you from behind. I'm afraid they've broken your shaft. This gentleman here stopped it."

There were two young men standing anxiously by, evidently those who had been in the runaway cart, and the tall stranger held the frightened horse with a grip of iron.

"I'm sure I hope you're not hurt, miss," said one of them, the one, indeed, who had been driving. "I don't know what ailed my mare. I think she must have got stung. I shouted out to you, and you were well on your side of the road, but I couldn't stop her. I couldn't hold her at all. I'm sure I hope you're not hurt, miss?"

"No," said Phyllis, "I think I can get up—I feel a bit shaky. Is the pony hurt?"

"No, he's all right, only a bit frightened. I'm afraid we've broke your shaft, miss."

"Oh, that's nothing. I—I can't think how I came to be so silly as to faint. Is that the gentleman who caught the runaway?"

The tall stranger resigned the mare into the care of its lawful owner and came forward, lifting his hat with more of a flourish than is the fashion in this country.

"I trust you are not hurt," he said. "I wonder, indeed, that you were not killed. Do you think that you can walk into the hotel? I am sure you had better keep quiet for a little."

By this time the landlord of the hotel had come bustling out, carrying a wicker chair, and the stranger and the lady helped Phyllis to rise, and made her sit down in it.

As soon as the stranger opened his mouth Phyllis had perceived that he was not an Englishman; indeed, he was unmistakably a German, being very large of limb, tall, with an honest-looking, German face, very blue as to the eyes, very yellow as to the hair, and very tanned as to the complexion.

"I think," said the countryman, at this moment, "that if the young lady doesn't mind I'd like to take my mare home; she's frightened and upset. Upon my word, I don't know what ailed her, unless she was stung, as I said; she's never done this kind of thing before. It's Mr. Winton's trap, I believe? I'll call round and see him about it. The policeman here has my name."

"Oh, that will be all right," said Phyllis; "it was quite an accident. I don't suppose Mr. Winton will be disagreeable about it. Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Clark," as the innkeeper brought her a little brandy and water in a glass; "I really don't think I want it."

"Well, you'd better take it, Miss Damer;

you've had a nasty shaking, and you've got to go home, you know. Though, hadn't you better leave the trap and the pony with me, and take a carriage home?"

"Oh, I don't think so," said Phyllis; "I see they have tied the shaft up, and Mr. Winton will think it so much worse if I don't take it home. I'll go back quietly."

"Will you not let me walk home with you—is it very far?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, I couldn't think of troubling you."

"I assure you it would be no trouble at all," said he courteously. "I should feel very much more comfortable than if you went home by yourself, and as I've nothing to do, and am staying at the hotel here, it will be very much more satisfactory if you will allow me to walk along with you."

"Well, that's very kind of you," said Phyllis, who really did feel rather shaky, though she did not like to confess it. "But it seems such a shame to trouble you; it's—it's three miles."

"Oh, I don't mind three miles," he said, smiling. "I should mind it very much if you turned faint again, or your pony was to upset you, or anything of that kind. I would so much rather see you safely home."

So, eventually, she thanked the boniface for his attentions, and bade the lady who had come to her assistance good-by; and then this pair, who did not know each other's names, set off together, the tall gentleman walking beside the pony, and Phyllis sitting inside the little cart holding the reins.

"I feel it such a shame to let you walk," she said, as they reached the end of the street, "because the pony is very strong, and my brother-in-law is a big person, who uses this trap frequently."

"But not with a broken shaft," he returned, smiling.

"No, that is very true," she admitted; "but you don't know even my name; it's so extraordinary altogether."

"Well, for the matter of that, you don't know mine," he retorted; "but it is Von Dörnberg, very much at your service."

"And mine," said Phyllis, "is Damer—Phyllis Damer. I live with my brother-in-law, Mr. Gerald Winton, at Dagleigh

Manor. I don't know what he will say," she added plaintively.

"Fortunately," said the German, "I was a witness of all that occurred—it really was an accident, and, as you were caught from behind, you could not possibly save yourself."

"It was the more kind of you to save me," she said gratefully. "I assure you there are not many visitors in Harburgh—and, of course, you are a visitor—who would have the courage to pull a horse up as you did. It's not a very smart place, you know, and its visitors are mostly people who are far from athletic. Really, I can't thank you enough. Are you staying in the town?"

"Well, I have been there several days," he answered; "it strikes me as interesting. I came more or less by accident—indeed, I came on a yacht, after having been to the Channel Islands and along the French coast. My friends are going back to-day, but I am so enchanted with this corner of England that I have basely deserted them. They are very angry with me—or they say they are—but I was firm. I know London very well, and most of the big towns, but I have had no experience of the little out-of-the-way places, and I find the change a delightful one."

"What wonderful English you speak," she said, admiringly.

"Oh, yes, very good," carelessly. "I have always spoken English. We Germans are very keen on all manner of knowledge, you know. I had English nurses from the time I could speak at all; in fact, it was as much my mother tongue as German was."

"And you really like Harburgh?" she said, in surprise.

"I really like it; the air is so good, and the whole place is so quaint, I am delighted with it. I shall stay some little time. Do you live here altogether, Miss Damer?"

"Yes, I have no father or mother. I live with my sister, Mrs. Winton."

"Oh, yes—yes. I hope she won't be very frightened when we appear."

"I don't think so. Country people, you know, take accidents of this kind more or less as a matter of course. We are always getting smashed up, somehow or other. I have never done so before, but my sister has several times. You see, these country people drive so carelessly, and their animals are not very good, either.—Oh, how do you do?" she said, in quite a different tone.

Just at that moment they had passed round a bend of the road and had come face to face with the Vicar of Dagleigh. Mr. Hawkesley, seeing the broken shaft and the stranger, stopped short.

"Have you had an accident?" he said, lifting his straw hat.

"Yes, I've been smashed up in the town. But it really was an accident—it was a runaway; if it had not been for this gentleman, I don't know what would have happened to me. Mr. Hawkesley—Mr. von Dörnberg."

The two men raised their hats to each other, and the German stranger was quick to notice the scowl with which the English clergyman received the introduction.

(Continued on page 15.)

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"We are making progress," he said. "New York City is the great Empire State Express, flying along the viaduct of civilization. Her minutes are miles of advancement. Nowhere is the movement more rapid. In architecture, art, libraries, education, development in mercantile and manufacturing life, in growing commerce, recovering after the cruel wounds of war, she leads the land. The country brethren, coming into town upon their accommodation trains, find the metropolitan car so swift that in their provincial experience they think it is standing still. Because they cannot count the spokes in the flying wheel of our progress they think there are none. All the time the sun sails high in the heavens. The city swings on in power, influence, purity. It is time to stay this torrent of abuse, to throw up the blinds and let in the sunlight. New York is glorious. She not only compares with the lesser cities; she outranks them. In no particular is any city of equal magnitude superior. No intelligent man believes we cannot lift the standard in every direction. But it will never be done by defaming the present progress, by constantly belittling the present achievement."

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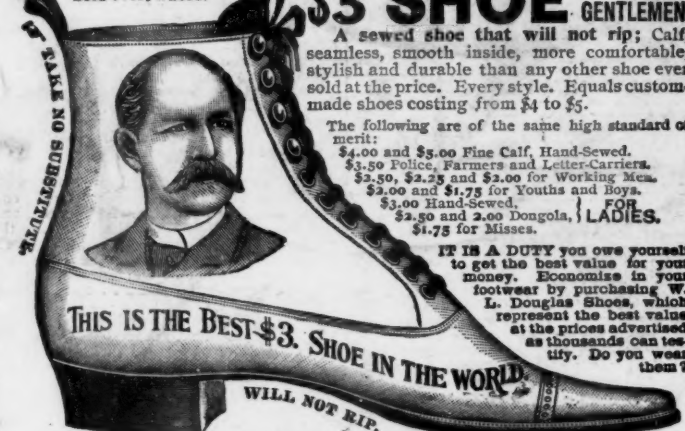
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